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WITH SUPPLEMENTS.

A COUNTRY-HOUSE TOILETTE FROM WORTH.—[See Page 694.]

HARPER'S BAZAR,

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AT THE BEACH.

THE waves cream up on the shingle
In the sheen of the silver moon;
Faint flower scents float and mingle;
The winds in the pine-tops croon.

A girl at her window sitting
Wafts from her finger-tips
The kiss that a far-off lover
Never has had from her lips.

And the dew grows heavy with perfume;
The night-owl hoots in his tree;
A sail gleams white in the darkness,
Where the fisherman skims the sea.

Out on the long gray sedges
The beaded drops are pearled;
The robins dream in the hedges,
And angels are watching the world.

ELIZABETH CHISHOLM.

CREATURE COMFORTS.

IN certain exigencies most of us become indifferent to considerations of mere creature comfort. Shipwrecked and cast ashore on a desert island, we are contented with any makeshift of the moment. Transferred from the burning steamer to an open boat on a foaming sea, we are only too thankful to escape with life and without crippled members. On the long march the soldier eats his measured rations without complaint, and sleeps as he can with his knapsack under his head. In many circumstances comfort is the very last thing to be taken into account; we are bent on some end, or bound to some point, or engaged in some enterprise, and our personal ease is willingly, and of necessity, at a discount.

But in the ordinary course of life creature comforts are to be estimated at their just worth. There is no virtue, *per se*, in asceticism. The scourge, the fretting shirt of hair-cloth, the hard bed, the scanty meal, the wearisome posture, the long patience under ills which a little effort and a little common-sense would remedy, are not in themselves admirable. No mortal ever deserved canonization for the fortitude with which he endured sufferings against which he should have striven. One is not to be praised because he wears a pair of shoes which pinch, and smiles serenely at each torturing pang. Rather let him procure an easier pair, or have the offending leather stretched until it ceases to cramp and pain.

With very little expense, and only a little trouble, most of us can enjoy comforts in our homes, even when luxury is out of the question. A cup of five-o'clock tea and a bit of thin bread-and-butter are neither troublesome to prepare nor especially costly, but they give just the little tonic to tired nerves at precisely the right moment, and we are brighter at dinner and better the entire evening for having had the temporary refreshment.

A man's house gown and slippers are decidedly in the line of creature comforts, and it is surprising that any tired man is ever willing to do without them, or that his wife is willing to let him do so. The unspeakable relief which a woman feels when her closely fitting street dress is exchanged for a loose tea gown or a soft silken or woollen wrapper is equalled by the easeful and restful atmosphere which invests the business or professional man when he slips off his coat and exchanges it for the light blazer, the soft plaid, or the lined and quilted and velvet-sheened garment which befits the evening lamp and the fire on the hearth. People are usually amiable when their clothing and their little daily luxuries are to their mind and taste, and it is worth while to plan intelligently that they may have what will insure physical as well as mental equipoise.

The can of hot water for the morning toilet, the screen to interpose between weak eyes and the fire, the large print which the elderly woman can read without difficulty, the arm-chair and the footstool, the broad lounge with the many pillows, the fan at hand, the comfort of having strings and pins and buttons and pens, ink, and paper in every living-room—these are matters of a trifling care and forethought. They make the difference between a padded and cushioned conveyance and a jolting wagon without springs or seats on the highroad of life.

Comfort, as it belongs to the individual, is interfered with ruthlessly in some households simply because personal rights are constantly trampled upon. A certain chair is the property of, we will suppose, brother John or Uncle Nat. It was given to him on his birthday. Naturally he prefers occupying it to sitting in another, but five days out of six Florence or Carolyn calmly establishes herself there, and leaves the dispossessed owner to take whatever seat he can find. In the case of an elderly gentleman or lady this thoughtless invasion of a right is a distinct assailment of comfort, not to be lightly excused.

An interesting novel comes into a house, and is read successively by different members of the family. This is as it should be, if the succession is maintained. But what an infraction of comfort takes place when two or three insist on a simultaneous perusal of the same book, so that Florence has it in her room when Nellie is at leisure to read it, and Lucia has carried it away to town to read on the horse-cars when Eleanor has hurried her sewing through that she may discover the exciting climax!

After all, home comfort is not an independent affair. We are all wonderfully mixed and mingled and bound in one bundle.

THE HOMELESS CHILDREN OF THE RICH.

EVERY good thing has its attendant evil; and wealth, which is universally believed to be so good a thing that all the world joins in the mad race after it, has its own share of ills.

It must be a truly delightful thing to roam the world at will, to go here or there at the reason or even the caprice of a moment. It must be pleasant to have a "lodge" in the mountains and a villa on the Hudson, one mansion in Washington and another in New York, a "grove" in Florida and a "cottage" by the sea—all of them being luxurious abodes filled with all sorts of fine things. But with so many houses there can be none of the fond attachment to particular localities which has so much to do with the true *home* feeling.

Among the old and wealthy families of Europe this strong and beautiful sentiment has been preserved for generations even among those who have castles or cottages in many places, and spend portions of the year away from all of them, by the fact that these abodes are inherited from generation to generation, and family traditions have collected about the ancient walls and the noble old trees which have seen one's grandfather's grandfathers for ages, and by the additional fact that the children are usually kept in the most distinctively ancestral of these homes until the dear association-forming period of life has well passed.

Our own country is happy in possessing so many other blessings that perhaps it could afford to dispense with that part of home life which attaches to places, provided such dispensing were necessary. But fortunately it is not, except in the case of city dwellers who are not rich enough to own houses of their own. Why these unfortunates should be voluntarily imitated by the rich is a matter for astonishment. Yet there are hundreds of wealthy persons to whom the sentiment of local attachment—so strong, so tender, so happiness-bestowing—must be a thing unknown. How can children grow up with any home feeling for places in which they pass but a month or two each year, or even perhaps only once in two or three years? Such children have our most sincere pity, as if they were deprived of some sense which is the common right of all.

To have lived—not to have passed a few weeks of some summers—but to have *lived* in a country-house which has belonged to one's ancestors, to have inherited as well as acquired associations with every gable, tree, or view, to know the history of them all as if it were one's very own history, is to have a possession which no after-circumstances, whether happy or unhappy, shall have the power to take from us.

Yet our rich people are voluntarily depriving their children of this precious possession. How can a poor child be said to know anything about a home feeling when he is never allowed to stay long enough in any one spot to take root there? Were the choice ours, we would rather have the Swiss mountaineer's home-love for a cot perched like a bird-cage on one of his desolate mountain-sides than all the merely material pleasures that wealth can give.

Yet the wealthy might, if they would, add this boon to all the others which they can give their children. There is no reason why their children should be the homeless little wanderers they too often are, if only their parents considered the matter and did not drag them about, like a florist's potted plants, to decorate one suite of parlors after another.

A child of one of America's wealthiest men was being shown some photographic views. "That's a pretty place. Where is it?" exclaimed he at a picture of a lovely wooded dell.

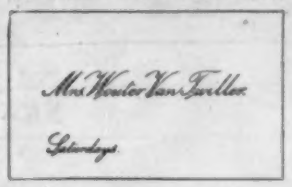
"That," said the person who was showing the views, "is on your father's place in —— County. You must have seen it many times."

"No," said the boy, in a disgusted tone, "we never see anything there; they never let us stay long enough. When we go up there next summer I will ask for it."

Most of the views at which the boy was looking happened to be of portions of his father's estate, but the child recognized only a few. "I will see them next summer," he said, hopefully. But the next summer the family plans were altered, and all went to Europe. It was years before this country house—which might have been a home, but was not—was reopened, and then, as if for fear there might be a trace of association awakened, the grounds were laid out anew and the rooms refurnished.

Later on this family lost much of its wealth. The boy, by this time a father himself, has been heard to say: "I'm glad I'm not rich enough to own more than one house, and must stay quietly in that. My children shall know the difference between a *home* of which they are a part and which they help to make, and a private hotel built by an architect, kept for them by servants, and furnished by dealers. I once saw such a home as I wish my children to have. It was in England, and it wasn't very fine, but it was *home*."

A PLEA FOR THE DEPARTING FENCE.



THE Professor looked at us over the tops of his glasses as he spoke. He does this when what he is about to say interests and absorbs him. He held a bit of paper in his hands—the back of an old letter—on which he had just been writing. His half-burned cigar lay on the little straw tea table near by, and on his knee an open book, the title upward.

"I call it," said the Professor, smiling, "'A Plea for the Departing Fence.'"

Mrs. Van Twiller laughed in that ready, appreciative way of hers, knowing how changed he had found the place. For we were not in New York, but in Connecticut, in a village that once had been her home, in those days when a home of its kind meant the accompanying barn and carriage-house, the moss-grown ice or spring house, the chicken-coop, hidden perhaps by lilac bushes, and all the various assortment of out-buildings intended for corn or for the storing of fruit. You find none of them here now, any more than you could in other suddenly enriched country villages. Nothing is anywhere permitted to remain except the greenhouse—greenhouses indicating everywhere degrees of opulence not to be despised or carelessly ignored. With the out-buildings have also gone the fences. From where we sat in a corner of the porch clean-shaven lawns, out of which great trees grew with such decorum not a blade of grass was ruffled by the process, stretched from the house to the highway without any line of demarcation except that indicated by close-cropped edges at the road-side, the patch of public grass beyond showing a scraggling, uncared-for growth.

"What have we done with our fences?" began the Professor, plunging at once into his subject. "We have swept them as encumbrances off the earth, and so robbed the poet of his theme, the lover of his trysting-place, the painter of his foregrounds. No properly conducted village of to-day, just emerging from its primitive simplicities and into the glaring ostentation of a highly finished country town, allows itself to be guilty of a fence. Neither does the newly built and much-advertised suburban district, with tawdry, overdone houses, announced sometimes as villas and sometimes as homes. Nor yet does the brand-new community, springing full-grown, like Minerva, from the brain of some speculator, and wearing as shield and armor a system of by-laws and constitution that nothing, unless sharpened to the finest point of conventionality, can ever pierce. Wherever that hydra-headed horror that lurks under the guise of public improvement walks in our democracy, the fence disappears. They have torn it down from the old parks at Washington. They have ripped it away from the fronts of our houses. They have in certain places substituted for it that devil's compromise, the barbed-wire atrocity. Not until the individual evolves beyond the limitations of environment, shakes free from prejudice and long-established stupidities, is a new fence erected in communities where none have existed before. When this is done, there happens what happened even at Newport, when that famous stone fence was erected which no one could see through or over. Can it be true of our democratic country that while insisting on equal rights for all it would yet rob each of that most sacred of all rights, the right to privacy? For all attempts at privacy among us in our present stage of progress result, as some one has wittily said, only in making ourselves conspicuous.

"But the fence! If for the sake of that inalienable right of all men to privacy we cannot have it, why shall we not for the sake of poetry cherish it? Listen to what Hawthorne has said."

Here the Professor took the book from his lap. "'The stone fence,' he read, 'is sure to be covered with the small handiwork of Nature. That careful mother lets nothing go naked there, and if she cannot provide clothing, gives at least embroidery. No sooner is the fence built than she adopts and adorns it as a part of her original plan, treating the hard, uncomely construction as if it had all along been a favorite idea of her own. . . .The beneficent Creator of all things, working through His handmaiden, whom we call Nature, has designed to mingle a charm of divine gracefulness even with so earthly an institution as a boundary fence.' And yet," said the Professor, laying down his book, "you have all let your fences go."

"Dear Professor," said Mrs. Van Twiller, looking up and smiling, "if I were to put back the fences my brother tore down, the whole community would ostracize me, I'm sure."

WOMEN AND MEN.

THE APPETITE FOR SWEETS.

IT is now the theory that a child's eagerness for sweets is not, as was once supposed, a mere form of original sin, but has its basis in a natural demand of the undeveloped man for something saccharine. It is observed that this taste is also shared by childlike races. The negroes on sugar plantations are said almost to live on sugar during the season when it is made, and to thrive on the diet. In one of the early colored regiments during the civil war a soldier, who had just acquitted himself very well in his first skirmish, was seen crying bitterly on his return to camp because a comrade had stolen his piece of sugar-cane during his absence. In more highly developed races or individuals the sugar has some other name and aspect; it is called wealth or fame or favor; but the appetite for it is just the same. Fortunately it is to be obtained, in its cruder forms, with great facility; if the experience of life does not give you many rewards or applauses, that of death will, and you have only to wait patiently for your obituary notices or your tombstone, which will paint you in brighter colors. For the rising author it is needless to wait so long: the advertisements of his publisher will supply it with equal certainty. The little boy who, after spending an hour in the village church-yard, inquired of his father where the bad

people were buried, has a parallel in every reader who pores over the publishers' book notices and wonders who prints the poor books. The explanation is a very simple one: there never yet was a book so poor as not to have at least one admiring reader, and the duty of the publishers is to select that one admirer's best compliment and reprint it for the instruction of all readers less enlightened. Even without this aid of publishers the young author can usually command his meed of compliment among cousins and cronies, and he can commonly stand a good deal of boneyed sweetness. It is only when he grows older, and especially if, as Hawthorne said, "success makes a man modest," that he sometimes values a wise censure even more than praise.

It is very common with young writers to send their productions to older authors for the sake of criticism; and it is not to be counted to them for an offence if what they chiefly seek is honey. Their demand for this is probably as normal and inevitable as that of the child or the childlike race for sugar. What they most need is to be satisfied that they have something in them, some talent worth cultivating; the qualifying clauses, the *ifs* and *buts*, they can perhaps supply for themselves. The late Professor Longfellow used to complain that foreigners were constantly sent to him in quest of information about this country, but that practically they were apt to show no interest in receiving any such information, only in giving it. It is much like this when young writers apply ostensibly for criticism. In a majority of cases it turns out that they wish to confide to you their own tastes and criticisms, not to receive yours. As a result almost all writers after sixty years of age, or thereabouts, fall into the habit of simply giving sugar-plums, as Keats recommended in the society of young ladies. Not only in literature, but in other arts, Longfellow was almost demoralizing through the unvarying kindliness of his praise; the musical critics of Boston counted him almost a hinderance to that art, so ready was he to head an invitation to the most mediocre composer or performer. When a commonplace poem or story is submitted to a less gracious critic, it is the commonest thing in the world for him to be met with the remark, "But Mr. Whittier, or Dr. Holmes, was good enough to read it, and was very much pleased with it." Emerson chafed a good deal under the free use on the cover of Whitman's poems of an early gush of praise, which he afterwards greatly modified; and Lowell acquired a fatal habit in later years of applying to books of very doubtful permanence the certificate of high approval. All of us, perhaps, as we grow older, revert to the instincts of childhood to this extent, that as in earlier years we like to receive sugar-plums, in later life we enjoy giving them.

Some very eminent authors maintain that, in literature at least, this is really all that we can do for one another; that praise at least helps a little, but censure not at all. For one, I cannot in the least accept this view. For any person who expects to go on writing, even the poorest censure may have a value; it shows where his weak points are, from the point of view of the popular eye; it indicates what it is that is separating him from that universal audience of which all writers dream. The criticism may not even exhibit common-sense; no matter; it shows that "common nonsense" which, as Sir Arthur Helps points out, is quite as important. Why is it that painters and sculptors are so much more ready than authors to accept the criticism of the ignorant? A great artist rarely cares for the opinion of a small artist, to be sure, but he is generally tolerant and receptive of the opinion of one who is not an artist at all, and simply represents the average eye. Perhaps it is because he knows that it is the average eye which is ultimately to judge him; as Canova said, "The light of the public square must test his value." The writer, on the other hand, has always the alternative of the outer and inner circle; if his book is never opened by more than ten people, he can sometimes convince himself—and sometimes it is true—that those ten are the most competent readers; those ten and posterity. But it is at best an unwholesome thing to be long limited to so few; and one needs to struggle, as by main force, to be approved by the ten and the million also. This is why every young person should yearn for some counsel that is not saccharine, and should obtain wholesome criticism in all directions as early as is convenient. If we may trust novelists in regard to the conversation of young ladies—and what else is there upon which novelists claim such omniscience?—they always begin every ball by asking each other how they look, and always receive the answer, "Perfectly lovely, dear." But it is possible that the young person of either sex who in all the affairs of existence stops short with this answer may yet find that life needs other condiments than sugar.

T. W. H.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

NEW LINENS AT NEWPORT.

AFTERNOON dresses of écru grass linen or of the darker brown holland are the novelty of the summer at Newport. These are distinctly different from the popular and plain morning suit of linen with a coat and shirt waist, as they are made up with much more elaborate trimming, though they are of simple cut, as all summer gowns should be. They consist of a belted waist, large sleeves, and an accordion-pleated skirt trimmed with insertions of white or écru guipure. A single deep accordion-pleating of linen, beginning low around the hips under guipure insertion, falls to the foot of the short round skirt. Other rows of insertion extend around the hips. The waist, fastened invisibly on the left, is made up of alternate cross-bands of insertion and linen, or is mostly of linen with two or three insertions crossing in yoke shape, or else merely across the bust. A high full collar and a narrow belt are of insertion fastened by rosettes of the same. The sleeves are accordion-pleated at the top from armhole to elbow either in a puff or a deep frill, and fit closely to the forearm, where they are trimmed around with insertion in three or four rows. The écru or beige straw hat has its wide soft brim lifted above the forehead and on one side by roses or by *chous*, or else it has a smaller brim, from which falls a narrow ruffle of the lace. Canvas shoes are white or écru to match the tint of the guipure trimming. This Parisian toilette is worn in open carriages in the afternoon drive, and rivals those of organdy or batiste because it is more novel.

White linen duck of extremely fine weaving, very different from the open basket patterns of the early spring, is used in natty costumes for the morning drive when my lady holds the reins, wearing white leather gloves, large and soft on the hand, and well punctured that the heat of the hand may escape. A touch of brown of the stylish Havana or mordoré shades is liked with these white toilettes, whether it is given by a hat of brown *amour* straw, or else merely in the finish of the canvas belt, which is button-holed with brown leather along its edges, and in the white canvas shoes with brown strings, brown binding, and heels of brown.

WHITE, BLACK, AND MAGENTA.

White and black is in great favor for dinner and dancing gowns, and is something very different from the black and white in vogue for day costumes. It is the caprice to make these quiet gowns gay by accessories of magenta, the old purplish-red, which is revived in many shades, from pale rose magenta to very dark hues. This combination is seen in evening gowns of white moiré *pointillé* with black—that is, powdered with the merest dots of black—or else with bayadere stripes of black satin or of velvet. The dotted moirés are trimmed with black lace flounces in 1830 style, and the magenta is added in a torsade of velvet around the neck, a narrow belt of the same, and in small *choux* set about in the heading of the festooned lace flounce. The bayadere moirés and satins are used merely for the corsage of the gown, with sleeves and skirt of plain white satin or moiré, trimmed with bands of magenta satin under black lace.

DEMI-SEASON STYLES.

These gowns give hints that modistes are fast carrying out in others for the coming demi-season. The prevailing fashions of 1830 will continue through the early autumn, as French modistes prefer to introduce radical changes in the rich stuffs worn in the winter. For the present are round waists and short basques, circular or slashed, with revers or shaped berthas curving over the top of large sleeves, with gored skirts averaging four yards in width, while many extend to five yards. There will be an effort to introduce lengthwise trimmings on skirts by way of variety, but bands, borders, and flounces will not be abandoned.

WEDDING-GOWNS IN 1830 STYLE.

White satin gowns in preparation for autumn weddings are made in 1830 fashion. They are of the richest plain ivory satin throughout, trimmed with a single deep flounce of chiffon or of lace, and are worn with a lace veil draped entirely at the back under a small tiara or a wreath of orange buds. When brocade is preferred, the new serpentine designs are chosen with the serpentine effect in armure weaving on a satin ground. Moiré antique and the moiré français, either plain or figured, will be much used for wedding dresses, as they lend themselves to the stately styles of the period now in vogue. A new moiré with bayadere threads of metal, either gold or silver, is especially elegant. For those who prefer softer fabrics is the beautiful peau de soie in pearl or milk white, the design *a pois*, in dots of two sizes, or else the soft-finished surface left plain as a foundation for rare old laces, or the simple mousseline de soie in selvage flounces or finished with slight embroidery. One of the prettiest 1830 models has the round bodice trimmed with a satin bertha cut in curves low on the shoulders without fulness, and edged with a vine of orange buds and leaves. Half-long sleeves are draped low from the armholes. The skirt, closely gored in front, with the train not too long, but curved in organ-pipe pleats as it spreads out on the floor, has a deep flounce of accordion-pleated mousseline de soie, headed by a ruche dotted with clusters of orange blossoms.

The bride's mother also adopts the 1830 style for the gown worn at her daughter's wedding, but adds a circular basque of plain satin if the dress is brocade, or of velvet if the waist is of satin. The new purplish-red shades, more purple than red, and the golden brown mordoré tints, are chosen for these middle-aged ladies, either in plain satin, in the new moirés with both large and small balls, and in the *ondulé* brocades with glacé ground and waving stripes of armure weaving.

LIBERTY'S SATINS FOR BRIDEMAIDS.

The æsthetic satins made by Liberty, of London, so soft and crushable that they may be drawn through a finger-ring, are imported for bridemaids' gowns. These come in charming light tints, all of one color, and also glacé with white prevailing through Nile green, through yellow, Bengal rose, or ciel blue. These exquisite fabrics were brought out by fashionable modistes for summer ball gowns, and are now to be found in the large shops, together with the novelty of the season, bayadere stripes of velvet of a light color in contrast to that of the satin ground. This introduces a third color when the ground is glacé, as a Nile-green ground shot with blue and striped across with lilac, or else a glacé ground of pale rose and cream-color with bayadere stripes of green velvet. Many bayadere striped fabrics have been prepared for next season, suggested by the great fancy for insertions and crosswise bands, and these bayaderes may be used merely for the waist, with skirt and sleeves of plain satin, or else this order is reversed, and the skirt is striped around; or if new sleeves are added to last year's gowns they are of the crosswise stripes.

Silk crapes and wool crépons in white or in colors will also be worn by bridemaids, and will be given the bayadere effect by many rows of Valenciennes or of guipure insertions, or else by bands of satin of the same color set on in graduated widths on the skirt, waist, and sleeves.

A STUDY IN BROWN.

The travelling dress commended for a September bride is a study in brown. It is made of camel's-hair of a reddish cedar-brown tint, the waist a coat with full basque back, the fronts opening on a close-fitting vest of biscuit-colored cloth, or else of bengaline crossed with rows of cedar-brown velvet. The mutton-leg sleeves are banded with velvet on the close lower part, and are of medium size, and drooping at the top. The gored short skirt falls in *godet* curves at the back, and is without trimming other than many rows of stitching about the foot. A round hat of brown rice straw or of French felt has the upturned front faced with brown velvet, and is trimmed with loops and a torsade of velvet holding soft feathers that point backward on each side of the crown.

To complete this suit for cool days English tailors make a cavalry cape with two secret pockets, the shape similar to the golf cape, with straps holding it securely to the waist. This is of soft velvet like vicuña ribbed across, or else of mixtures of rough threads, or of Scotch goods in broken checks.

STREET AND CALLING GOWNS.

For walking or street dress the bride will utilize her brown wool travelling dress, or else she will have a tailor gown of faced-cloth in one of the new shades of puce, which is really very old, a purplish-red almost like solferino or magenta combined with cloth of a light drab tint. For a more quiet dress she will choose a rough wool vicuña with black ground through which green and mauve threads are woven, yet are scarcely discernible. Russia-leather or red-brown vicuña striped with blue or gray, or else a shot sacking, brown with blue, green with gray, or Havana brown with violet, will be preferred by those who like much color, or they will select a rough bourette, the ground myrtle green with bold threads of purple, or potter's blue with thick knots of drab or of heliotrope.

Silks and satins will be worn for calling costumes as well as for house dresses, and may be in the dull peau de soie, the lustrous satin, or the ribbed bengaline, as the wearer's fancy dictates. Small all-over designs are preferred for brocades, petit pois and large dots together, with vines and coral branches that almost cover the ground. Bayadere stripes are usually straight across the fabric, but it is especially new to have them in curves from selvage to selvage.

Thanks for information are due Mrs. C. DONOVAN; Messrs. JAMES MCCREERY & Co; and REDFERN.

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FROCK FOR GIRL FROM 2 TO 4 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see No. III. on pattern-sheet Supplement.

THE GIRL AT HOME.

THE girl graduate comes home, after an active life of four years, in which every hour has had its imperative duty, and finds all necessary work, except such as she herself ordains, at an end. Her brother, coming from a college life of hardly equal activity in the line of duties, is at once provided with some employment, in which he is expected, after a time, to earn his own living. If the boy is left to himself in idleness, he becomes demoralized. So does the sister.

One of the most pitiable sights that one sees in these days (when women are accorded every advantage in the way of fitting for employment) is that of an elderly woman who finds herself deprived of home and protection, and forced to seek self-support. Work is a blessing, and the condition is pitiful only because it so frequently happens that the poor woman is almost a worthless quantity from a commercial stand-point in the army of workers. When she was a girl, in a home of luxury, or at least of comfort and abundance, it was thought decidedly ungenteel in her circle for a young lady to learn a trade or a profession. Now the need arises, and starvation stares the poor woman in the face. There is positively nothing that she can do well enough to earn a living thereby. The standards of excellence are cruelly higher in all departments of learning than they were thirty years ago. In the employments that would be most congenial to her she has no qualifications. Her knowledge of books, art, and music is years behind the present requirement. The college graduate crowds her out of the school-room. The homely, womanly duties of housekeeper and seamstress are the only lines in which she has ever worked with success, and she shrinks in horror from the thought of going out to service or caring for another woman's home.

We are wiser in these days, and in many homes the daughter is encouraged to study or fit herself for some useful employment, whether or not she expects to be a bread-winner. Many mothers object to such study and preparation lest their daughters should thereby become unfitted for society, and the pleasant occupation so engross them as to shut out all thoughts of love and marriage. But no road to an honest, enduring affection could be surer than this. "Many think they are in love when they are only idle," says Imlac. The cheerfully busy woman carves out her own fortunes in more senses than one. In so doing she acquires a feeling of independence which leads her to look upon marriage not as something to be sought at all hazards. She has learned how to support herself, it may be, and has no occasion to resort to marriage as a means of subsistence. Far better is she fitted to guide her own feelings and choose wisely than is the selfish, indolent girl who has chosen no employment for herself, and who often accepts an offer that brings no love with it, simply because she is weary of her mode of life, and longs for a change and for the freedom of her own home.

No true man esteems less highly the maiden, be she young or old, who seeks honorable employment either as a means of support or as a possible need in the future, and if he is wise he will be more likely to seek such a girl when he wishes a wife than any other. "Only a woman who has something else than making love to do and to think of will love really and deeply," says a gifted writer. "It is in real lives, lives devoted to actual service of father or mother, or to work of some kind for God or man, that alone spring up real feelings. Lives of idleness and pleasure have no real depth to nourish such plants."

It is objected by some that the curse of bread-winning was not pronounced upon woman, and therefore she is stepping aside from her path when she toils. The objection speedily answers itself. Few women prefer to leave their sheltered home day by day and compete with men in the strife for subsistence. But the necessity is laid upon many so to do. To Adam it was said, "By the sweat of thy brow thou shalt eat bread." But because so large a proportion of his descendants fail to win the bread-money,

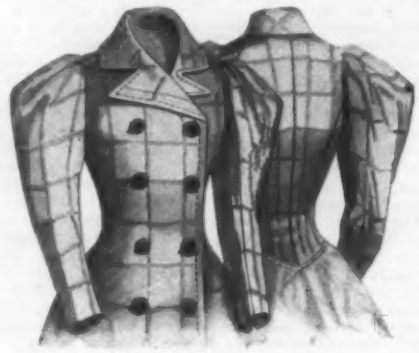


Fig. 3.—VIEW OF ULSTER, FIG. 2, WITHOUT CAPE.

Fig. 1.—AUTUMN CAPE.
For pattern and description see No. V. on pattern-sheet Supplement.

Fig. 2.—ULSTER WITH DETACHABLE CAPE.—[See Fig. 3.]
For pattern and description see No. II. on pattern-sheet Supplement.

APRON FOR GIRL FROM 6 TO 8 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see No. VI. on pattern-sheet Supplement.

some Eve must step in and give her labor to keep starvation from the door. The crowds of pale, tired girls who nightly emerge from our large mills and factories are, as a rule, in their places because crime, dissipation, and incapacity have unfitted the natural bread-winner to support his family.

Apart from any such need, any bright woman wishes to develop her energies, and in some purely womanly way to belong with the mental or physical workers of the age. If she be married, her grandest work is plainly defined in the home, and no outside affairs should claim first or large interest with her. The training of honest, God-fearing citizens, and the preservation of a pleasant home is her highest and holiest occupation. But to the single woman of noble purposes the years ring with inspiring invitations to effort. If the necessity of self-support exists, the first thing to be considered in choosing an occupation is fitness, not alone because pecuniary success lies in this direction, but largely because it is in the line of happiness. The teacher, artist, musician, and literary worker are sometimes envied by those engaged in manual labor because of the apparently greater ease and consideration attending their career. But the humblest worker may be assured that only that occupation which accords with her mental and physical organization will bring happiness. The seamstress who can convert fair white webs into dainty garments, whose stitches are works of art, and whose eye is true, ought to be a very happy and successful woman. No workers are so sure of rewards and of steady demands upon their time as the workers with the needle. The reason why we hear so much about poor tired needle-women is largely because so few women are willing to work faithfully and perfect themselves in their particular line. Did you ever hear of a really first-class seamstress or dressmaker who had not more orders to fill than she could possibly attend to? No occupation is so universal in its demands, and a woman who does fine, desirable work honestly, and who is conscientious and punctual, is capable of earning a generous income, and not infrequently amasses a large fortune. Success in business means happiness to a certain extent, and a woman who has no liking for the school-room, who is an indifferent artist or careless musician, and continually lamenting her lack of success, might well consider whether sewing or some occupation for which she has genuine skill does not offer her a far happier outlook than her present one, and a competency as the years go on.

There was a time, not so many years ago, when philosophers were accustomed to say that no woman should engage in a profession or calling from which she could not

HOUSEKEEPING APRON.
For pattern and description see No. VII. on pattern-sheet Supplement.

COSTUME WITH BOLERO JACKET.

be readily summoned if the proper Prince Charming came that way. In those days, also, it was confidently asserted by men of Herbert Spencer's calibre that no man would venture to wed a woman who adopted any but the commonly designated feminine methods of gaining a living. But with the progress of years men's views have broadened. The knight of to-day whose vision is not bounded by the rigid lines of a foolish fashion has nothing but admiration for the woman who, being forced to seek self-support by some exigency of life, chooses that occupation for which Nature has best furnished her, be it school-room or medical office, art-embroidery or scribbling.

No true woman, however, unless there be some imperative and permanent barrier to marriage, ever drifts so far away from the realm of womanly affairs that a word from the man of her heart will not easily recall her to her rightful kingdom. The medical student does not necessarily lose her taste for dainty gloves, fine stationery, and chocolate caramels. The dignified principal of the young ladies' school delights in the small housekeeping cares of her little suite of rooms, where she dispenses hospitality to her inner circle of friends. In no corner of the earth where a true-hearted woman is found is it possible for her to forget the secret of her womanhood. Jean Lowrie at the pit's mouth, encased in her rough miner's garb, living for years the life of a hard-working man and surrounded by adverse influences, could not entirely lose the feminine graces of mind and person which wakened to new life for her lover. Men need not fear the general extinction of those natural tastes and characteristics which are as universal as the light, as enduring as the earth itself.

The single woman who chooses her occupation wisely, or who, if compelled for a time to engage in something that is not congenial, gradually wins her way to one that suits her taste, has one of the best possible prospects of a happy life. She knows nothing about killing time. Every hour dies a natural death, and she hardly has leisure to remember that it existed. Her occupation becomes her inspiration. She loves it, and delights in growing with it and making it and herself honored factors in the life of the city or town where she dwells. Success commands respect. Whether she be a wise physician, gifted writer, or experienced dressmaker, she finds herself sought out and her friends increasing.

The world of workers, if they be honest, whole-souled, faithful workers, is always a happy world. As a learned divine once suggested, Adam and Eve were put into the Garden of Eden not to be idle and stroll about all day in its pleasant paths and eat of its fruits, but "to dress and keep it." And no modern Eve, especially if she leads a single life, can improve on the original plan for making her life happy as well as useful. HELEN MARSHALL NORTH.

Costume with Bolero Jacket.

THE costume shown above is of light beige-colored poplin. Five rows of brown velvet ribbon border the skirt, the top of which laps with a velvet belt on a bodice composed of a pleated corselet with a white silk guimpe, and completed by a short bolero jacket with a wide waving collarette bordered with velvet ribbon.

Costume with Mousquetaire Coat.

THIS coat forms part of a costume of which the skirt is of white cloth, untrimmed, while the coat is of reddish chestnut-brown cloth, with a broad revers collar of white cloth. The lower edge of the basque at the sides and back is notched. The front opens on a vest of white lace over old-rose satin, with a lace jabot, terminating under a folded belt of the coat material.

IN THE DARK PLACES.

EVERY woman who has children is interested in all the conditions that may surround those children, whether for good or ill; and as they live in the wide world, and may sooner or later meet all its tenants, the condition of the criminal is not without its claim upon her attention. Students of human nature have given great heed to the personal appearance and mental condition of criminals, and one is not surprised to learn that they find them so sadly different from people of good morals as to lead to the scientific inference that they owe something of their criminal nature to inheritance, to deformity, and to insufficient nutrition. The exceptions are only about enough to prove the rule that the very vicious usually have deformed ears and wry noses, retreating foreheads, casts in the eye, abnormally high cheek-bones, surly and projecting jaws, irregular teeth, and frequently goitres. The female criminal is rarely anything but repulsive. If now and then she is dainty and delicate, ordinarily she is vastly ugly, large, with more or less of a crooked spine, with small ferretlike eyes, often crossed, obtrusive and pointed nose, and ears distended and extended like vase-handles. She very rarely tattooes herself, while the male criminal is likely to be tattooed generously, and in a way that is thought to show much insensibility to pain, or deadened and blunted nerves.

Most of this unloveliness, strange as it may seem, is thought to be the work of a badly developed brain, the eye and the spine especially declaring this, but leaving it an open question whether an evil soul lodging in a body reduces it to its own likeness, or whether an ill-fed, wrongly developed body cramps and dwarfs and hurts the soul. The measure round the skull of the criminal, taken horizontally, is always less than that round the skull of the upright man, and his brain is found to be lighter; his constitution is feebler, too, and his heart is weak. But even among culprits themselves there are great differences; thus the highway robber is naturally found to be taller than the pick-pocket, and the bones of his skeleton are stronger; he and the murderer, when they write at all, write a large round hand with many flourishes; the thief writes with effeminacy a small hand. These people are apt to give the student

COSTUME WITH MOUSQUETAIRE COAT.

BLACK SILK DRESS.—[For description see pattern-sheet Supplement.]

surprises; he finds, for instance, that they are not habitually cruel; wanton murderers will be kind to a pet; where they are cruel it is the women who are the most so, and who discover the most shocking forms of cruelty; and although a few have talent, they are all wanting in the ability to use their talent to advantage; but the most of them have great stupidity. They are flighty and faithless always, clinging long to nothing. And with it all they are extraordinarily superstitious. The one satisfactory thing that comes out of all this investigation is the establishment of the fact that education diminishes the tendency to crime, and that as by slow degrees the day shall come when a whole generation is educated, the children of that generation will be born with less and less tendency to crime or to crime made easy. For education enlarges, strengthens, and refines the brain, gives it closeness, determines its growth; and just so far as criminality has anything to do with the insufficient brain, education will abate it, and the malnutrition of the system, with its reflex action on the nerves, will be overcome by the work and wages that education will increase. It is not agreeable to dwell upon this dark side of human nature, but if we know nothing about it we shall do nothing for it; and surely there is not a dark spot upon the earth to whose purification we should not set our minds and hands.

A COUNTRY-HOUSE TOILETTE FROM WORTH.

See illustration on front page.

THIS very elegant gown is a combination of green cloth of the fashionable *vert-de-gris* shade with Havana brown peau de soie. It is a new arrangement and suggestion for demi-season gowns. The gown proper is of the cloth, while the brown silk forms revers, a pelerine, the lower part of the sleeves, and the wide flounce on the skirt. All these accessories of silk are very effectively bordered with white embroidery. The corsage is cut in one with the skirt in princesse fashion, and on it is mounted the deep peau de soie flounce, with its heading and finish of small embroidered ruffles. The collar and plastron are trimmed with similar embroidery. The back of the pelerine is like the front, except that the two revers form one point low on the corsage. The sleeves are a large puff of the cloth almost covered by the embroidered pelerine, gathered into close-fitting silk sleeves that extend just below the elbow and have pointed cuffs of embroidery.

A Virot hat in Directoire style is of black rice straw, surmounted by a cluster of three plumes—a black plume with two white ones. White and black *choux* are under the brim in front and back, and the strings are of cream-white satin. The parasol is of changeable green silk. A pretty scarf designed to accompany the toilette is of black lace with appliqué guipure designs in cream-color.

A 'CAJUN WOOING.

BY MRS. LYLIE O. HARRIS.

HAD you asked 'tit-Jean how old were his tante Mayotte and his tante Tise, he would have answered, with a shrug: "Ole lak ev'yteeng! Ole mos' lak de Deo!"

Toinette, his sister, a starry slender 'Cajun maiden of seventeen, would have bubbled over in gay amused laughter at the question, and would have replied:

"How you theenk me I know? *Mais ces chères tantes elles sont des talons jaunes, n'est-ce-pas?*"

But Père Antoine, with a succulent laugh which bespoke the fat juicy living of years, once settled the question by asserting: "Why trouble thyself? Did not the good God create all the angels at one time?"

Momzelle Mayotte and momzelle Tise each claimed to be the younger, though it was noticed that the latter never asserted her superior youth in the presence of the former. Each thought herself comely and that her sister was unfortunately ugly. When their friends, as was painfully often the case, marvelled how two people could be so exactly alike that it was almost impossible to tell them apart, momzelle Tise would sniff a sniff of scorn, and momzelle Mayotte would give a great snort of derision.

Their long, thin, sinuous, flexible noses gave special interest to these expressions of discontent.

For they had a mirror whose tale as interpreted by themselves was a flattering one. It was a cherry-framed affair, not bigger than a man's hand—of that quality which reflects a corrugated image streaked with wavering green and yellow lights, producing an intolerable nausea, a depression of spirits, in the one gazing upon the perversions of its surface.

Even in youth the sisters had never had good looks. Their own mother could never persuade herself that they were not ugly. She and her husband, *le vieux* Thériot, had long ago been led out of this vain world by yellow fever, and their daughters were now thirty-five or eight years of age. In the great world this is not a ripe old age, but in a 'Cajun community, where early marriages are the rule, where old-maidenhood is so rare as to be a marvel, it was a matter of course that the momzelles Thériot were unmarried because unsought. Therefore the two *talons jaunes*, as the 'Cajuns nickname old maids, did not smile the more sweetly because of the spinsterhood which was a reproach.

It is true that at the Patgos, the King Balls, the rice and sugar harvestings, the orange gatherings, they did not lack attention utterly. That drop of sweetness, courtesy, and amiability which runs in the veins of all born of Gallic blood always insured the sisters partners in these rural gatherings. Thin and tall, cast in hard angular lines, one could almost hear the creaking of their joints when they danced or joined in the games of the harvest season. Their skirts hung in scant severe lines. Their thin lips tightened at times like a thread that would cut to the quick. Their skin had been sadly played upon by time and weather, while between them they had hardly more teeth than the three gray old women found by Perseus in the freezing sea. Their scant gray hair, harsh as marsh grass, was pulled back from the temples until it visibly strained at the roots, and gathered into a knot behind, pathetically small, confined by a horn comb, immemorially old, and with as few teeth as its owner.

Momzelle Tise was a famous cook. Momzelle Mayotte was a wondrous spinner and weaver. She was also an unrelentingly neat housekeeper. Many a time had Toinette and 'tit-Jean agreed that life was not worth living when tante Mayotte set them to work to prod out the dust lodged between the planks of the floors. Tit-Jean, seven years old, buoyant as the *sosso* whose nests he so relentlessly exploited—Tit-Jean, who in mischief was own brother to that "spirit which sits in the cloud and directs the whirlwind," who was happy only when he was dirty—'tit-Jean nourished a secret grudge against his tante Mayotte. She scrubbed him early and late with an acrid home-made soap, scrubbed him to the bone—would have been glad to scrub every breath he drew. She had absurdly rigid ideas about clean clothes. She had also forcibly prevented him from using his thumb as a mouth-stopper, which tyranny had made life a void, until the mysterious coming of Tou-tou, a dog of most unhandsome exterior, but with heart of gold. Between him and 'tit-Jean was instant affinity. His very tail, which was a "bob," was instinct with intelligent sympathy when 'tit-Jean confided to him his grievous wrongs—for tante Tise also harried him. She forced 'tit-Jean to wear a hideous garment of her own devising, a beetle-back species of drawers—hybrid trousers cut in one line from neck to heel, and fastened down the back with white horn buttons almost the size of saucers. These buttons were so obtrusively in evidence that 'tit-Jean must be far away indeed from the *cabane* to be thoroughly safe in his works of evil. The buttons being in the back, he was also deprived of the pleasure of telling on them his fortune of "*riche, pauvre, coquin, voleur; riche, pauvre, coquin, voleur, riche.*" No, he must be satisfied with the stupid legends of his fingers: "*Le pouce a été à la chasse; l'indez a la tué; le majeur l'a plumé; l'annulaire l'a fait cuire; l'auriculaire l'a tout mangé, tout mangé, tout mangé.*" And still another grievance had 'tit-Jean. Whenever he fell from tree or house-top, which was a matter of daily occurrence, these aunts dosed him with gunpowder. "*Pour chasser le sang,*" they said. It was first mixed with milk—whether to make the powder more effective or to prevent explosion in case of subsequent concussion they never explained.

To make *grimaces* at his aunts was some solace, but there was positive compensation in knowing that when tante Mayotte thrust her hand under her pillow she might any night grasp a cold horrid frog. And tante Tise more than once had found a '*tite cocodrie* in her shoe when she slipped it on. How often, too, had he and Tou-tou revelled in her screams of terror when she discovered a king snake under her chair—a reptile innocent enough, but in the imagination of Momzelle Tise a most venomous serpent.

Of jolly Père Antoine he once asked, "tante Tise et tante Mayotte, dey go'n' go een heav'n?"

"*Sans doute, mon brigand.* But why dost thou ask, *mon garçon?*"

"B'en! Eef tante Mayotte et tante Tise, *dey* go'n' be dere, me I don' wan' go."

Whatever opinion Tou-tou held of 'tit-Jean's aunts he wisely kept to himself. Two or three times he had not quickly enough obeyed their *Sors, vaurien!* in testimony of which were sundry bald spots on his back, due to scalding water. Momzelle Tise swore by all the saints that it was Tou-tou who did *massacre* all the young poultry that was missing, although Tou-tou was ready to swear, paw on heart, that feathers turned his stomach. Momzelle Mayotte affirmed with equal fervor that *ce diable d'un* Tou-tou ate the first cucumbers and melons in her garden, and bit off great pieces from her carat of Périque tobacco. Tou-tou might have cleared himself, but he was not the dog to betray a master who often shared his dinner with him when in the *cabane* was blowing a bitter *bise*. Besides, Tou-tou was a serene and hopeful creature—in fine, an optimist. He was a mine of resources. Life held always something in reserve for him. With equanimity he could endure all-night exposures, the fatigue of *la chasse*, unevenness of diet—for all these had he known before he "took up" with 'tit-Jean. But, camel-like, he wisely drank deeply whenever a fountain sprang up in the desert.

Though 'tit-Jean loved Tou-tou, yet loved he Toinette more. But who did not love Toinette, whose presence in the old *cabane* was like a sunbeam which slides in and dances like a vision on the floor? She had such coaxing, winning ways that even her grim aunts were sometimes beguiled by her sweet silken tongue. In her eyes was a dark velvet sheen that allured many a poor young 'Cajun *cavalier*. Then she had such a quick vivifying laugh, a birdlike alertness of voice and manner, a vividness of glance, and a gayety of gesture. But her aunts saw in her only the bud, though to all other eyes the rose was in bloom.

When Adolph tied his pony to the gray-lichened fence, and stepped on the gallery where the two sisters sat and bashfully presented the first sugar-cane of the season, they accepted it complacently enough, but they did not summon Toinette. Or it might be Sylvain who came a-wooing, perhaps with golden-globed persimmons tied up in a handkerchief, and met the same fate. When Justin and Philippe and Louis, and all the others in turn, attempted to bow before their vision in the temple, they were in like manner baffled. The sisters were most polite, almost *coquette*, no doubt placated by the attention they unconsciously usurped. They never imagined that these *cavaliers* could care to see Toinette, that *bébé!* When the young men timidly asked after the well-being of that *bébé* they were assured of her good health, and that she was busy with the affairs of the *ménage*. It was well to keep children always at work these times, when the devil was always about. Not that the good Momzelles meant anything personally invidious. From the gallery where they sat these anxious lovers would occasionally catch tantalizing glimpses of Toinette as she flitted back and forth in the rooms beyond. They listened with strained attention to the snatches of gay little *chansons*, which her ancestors had brought with them from Canada—ballads which have a haunting rhythmical beauty, and sung by Toinette with flutelike sweetness. If it was

"Chante, 'tit soso, chante,
Toi qui as le cœur gai.
Tu as le cœur à rire;
Moi! je l'ai-t-à pleurer,"

then did they imagine savagely that Toinette did but mock at them, and, it must be allowed, made but *mal-à-propos* replies to the questions of the guardian dragons.

When, despairing of seeing Toinette, they rose to go, only then would tante Mayotte or tante Tise call out, "*Viens, Toinette; viens, petite—dite adieu.*" The baffled lovers, departing in wrath, called the Momzelles many other evil names beside "*Vieilles cocodries.*" Over their exasperatingly unsatisfactory wooing, the young *cavaliers* used much unholy language—words that "popped" and helped to soothe their smart. At the same time each vowed that at the next King Ball Toinette should see if he troubled himself to ask her for a waltz. But when the next week Toinette, supplely slender as a water reed, entered the ballroom with manner as airy as a bit of floating thistledown—the moment she cast a glance at any one of them from those wondrous eyes, his resentment was gone.

To Sylvain she was a very sunbeam; to Justin she was like starlight. In fine, each found in her that special charm which appealed most strongly to his heart. Changeable as a chameleon, a most beguiling creature, each *cavalier* left her presence soothed and fascinated, thinking himself the supreme one, and wondering how many *bétail* his old papa would give him when he and Toinette decided to marry themselves.

If Alexandre Le Blanc was at the ball, Toinette danced less with him than with any of the others, but nobody heard her low whispered "*Va danser avec ces pauvres chères tantes,*" when often he besought her for another waltz.

Then Alexandre would obediently seek out tante Tise and tante Mayotte, and with them tread a gay measure with the blithe air of one who thoroughly enjoys himself.

And the hearts of the two *talons jaunes* melted within them at the gay merry tones of his voice. Who before had ever paid them such compliments? Each believed that Alexandre sought only the opportunity to declare his passion, and each decided that she would not forever keep him in doubt. But each suspected the other of designs upon this incomparable Alexandre, and very properly each despised the other.

Alexandre, for all that he was a man and of corresponding vanity, had no conception of their sentiments. But that "*bébé*" Toinette had divined it, and so much that was irresistibly comic did she see in the situation that at odd moments, as she swept the *cabane* or bent over the pots in the kitchen fireplace, she would break into little tinkles of laughter, whereupon tante Tise and tante Mayotte would ask severely if she were "*folle.*"

The *cabane* of the thoughtless Thériot, built of cypress and adobe, was set down on the bank of one of those small wooded streams which every five or ten miles water the prairies of the Louisiana Acadie. From its front gallery one looked outward upon *au large*, the undulating prairie, bejewelled in spring and summer with myriads of wild flowers, in the autumn bespread with a cloth of gold, so riotously bloomed there the dwarf golden-rod and all the company of wild sunflowers.

Many years agone their parents had set here and there about the yard and doorway the pecan, fig, and orange trees, from which 'tit-Jean was now so persistently falling.

Crape-myrtles dropped their pink crinkled petals upon the door-step. Cape jasmines, forgetting that their station in life was among the shrubs, had grown until they overlooked the gray lichen-bordered roof. In the season they were starry and languorously heavy with the perfumed breath of countless waxen blossoms. The *cabane* itself was of the utmost simplicity. Roomy and cool, its furniture was all home-made. It contained not one superfluous article—only in the kitchen reigned that abundance which drew thither as with hooks of steel the good Père Antoine. The dwellers in the *cabane* wove and spun and dug and delved, as though each day's subsistence depended upon that day's labor. Yet they owned thousands of acres of prairie land, over which roamed their great herds of horses and cattle, of which they yearly sent large numbers to market. No mortal knew how much money they had buried in that old yard. Momzelle Mayotte banked beneath a certain wild-rose tangle—momzelle Tise, under a thicket of prickly-pear. When in the evening they sat upright in their ascetically severe chairs on the wide gallery, knitting in hand, all the air drowsy with blossom perfume and vibrant with the droning of bees, how often they detected each other in stealthy glances far afield! If they chanced to descry a certain horseman spurring with extreme speed toward their *cabane*, they knew him when he was little more than a speck upon the horizon, and their hearts throbbed painfully. When nearer and still nearer approached the rider, then would momzelle Mayotte, muttering some banal excuse, and momzelle Tise another, withdraw each from the other into a certain arcanum of vanities. Thus was each safe from the inquisition and sarcasm of her sister.

About her lean swarthy neck would momzelle Mayotte clasp a triple row of baby-blue glass beads. In fashion no one of her frocks differed from the other, yet one there was woven in the most enchantingly bright stripes which was precious in her sight. The thin hair was drawn back a shade tighter than usual and lavishly oiled. Mullein leaves vigorously rubbed on the high cheek-bones produced some blooming roses of a vivid red. What if an hour hence the smarting therefrom would be wellnigh intolerable! Was not Alexandre worth many pains and penalties? Momzelle Mayotte had never, perhaps, heard that one must suffer to be beautiful, but she instinctively put it into practice.

Momzelle Tise clasped about the knobs of her throat a necklace, the counterpart of her sister's, save that it was a deep red.

How thankful they were at last that that peddler had talked them into buying those necklaces! For years they had been torn by remorse for money spent foolishly. They had even confessed their sinful extravagance to Père Antoine. He had imposed upon them what he called a slight penance, but to a 'Cajun to be deprived of coffee for a week is to rend the soul from the body. But now after many days their sin was justified. Momzelle Tise produced her roses with pokeberries. Her soul was not of that heroic stuff which could win even a husband by the ordeal of mullein, and truly the pokeberries produced a very bright bloom. Often when momzelle Tise had a sudden access of temper, if Toinette cunningly reminded her of a certain frock woven in diagonal stripes her wrath under its magic influence would lessen and shortly melt away. "*L'ange gardien,*" Toinette had once described it to Alexandre.

Several months ago Toinette had made a visit to Carancro, a wonderful village twenty miles away. Upon her return she had presented her aunts each with a tiny packet of *poudre de riz*. These they devoted to the conjury of Alexandre.

But while they prinked themselves for his conquest, how were they to know that thereby he gained time to linger with Toinette—to hold her hand down by the quaint spidery floating bridge on the bayou, where she pounded the family wash? The little wet hand was brown, and the finger-tips shrunken from the moment's soaking, but it was dainty and slender and faultlessly shaped. Her feet, too, were brown and bare, but shoes would only have hidden their arched comeliness. And if tante Tise and tante Mayotte could have seen Alexandre's arm about her waist, her head with its silken fleece of short dark curls upon his shoulder! But there was scant danger, as the embattled masses of the Cherokee rose hedge formed a lofty and impenetrable screen.

The momzelles Thériot did not rely solely upon the sorcery of their own charms and the seductive witchery of coquettish toilettes. They had not scrupled to call in diabolical aid. Mom Polyte, a certain wise woman, old as the stars

almost, and who lived in dank and grewsome solitude on the edge of the swamp, was renowned for a certain love *gri-gri*.

Ostensibly Mom Polyte was of that honorable caste which is as old as mankind itself. Innumerable manikins had she helped to set afloat on the troubled sea of life, and her enemies whispered that no one knew how many people she had helped *out* of life for a due consideration from their enemies or expectant heirs. She was famed over and beyond Carancro for her treatment of cancer; and though her patients, with surprising contrariety, insisted upon dying, she did not thereby lose any prestige. The *habitans* shrugged their shoulders with a "What wilt thou? Is it not that we all got fo' die sometaim, *hein?* *Le bon Dieu* He take all what He want."

Secretly each sister had made a pilgrimage to the hut of Mom Polyte, where she dwelt surrounded by alligators, snakes, and owls. With many a pang they had withdrawn from their banks certain rusted coins, without which the crone would weave no spells. To each she gave a charm, the counterpart of the other, warranted to do its work.

Momzelle Mayotte, with stealthy care, laid hers under the front step. Momzelle Tise, with exceeding secrecy, laid hers under the post of the front gateway. They did not forget to breathe a fervent prayer to the Holy Virgin. Tou-tou, with an enthusiasm worthy of a scientist, rarely let a day pass without trying to reach the bowels of the earth, and in one of these endeavors he scratched up the two little charmed bundles of feathers, hair, and finger nails, and dutifully laid his *trouvaille* at the feet of 'tit-Jean. Now 'tit-Jean was a born sceptic. Long ago he had disavowed belief in *le petit Noël* who fills with good things at Christmas the shoes the children put on the hearth. He had startled Père Antoine by asserting that if there was a God, then He ought to show Himself at times, so that everybody could know for sure.

Besides, if there was a God, He could not be good and at the same time give a boy a tante Mayotte and a tante Tise. He wanted to know why if heaven was such a fine place everybody did not hurry to go there. When tante Mayotte affirmed, at the point of the rod, that he would never have a chance to get there, because he belonged to the devil, who would surely burn him, he boldly declared that there was no sense in burning dead people, because they could not feel anything, and, besides, he didn't believe there *was* any devil.

To one largely brought up on the devil this was almost as horrifying as the negation of God—indeed, the danger was greater. Tante Mayotte and tante Tise invariably bowed their heads in a half obeisance when the devil was mentioned; it was much safer, they said.

Even Toinette was troubled over this lack of faith, and when she tenderly remonstrated with the young sceptic he replied:

"You wan' mek me b'leev' 'bout *le bon Dieu*, niu' so? B'en! mek so tante Mayotte geev me *pantalon* sem lak *tous les p'tits garçons*. She do *dat—me* I go'n' b'leev' 'bout de dev' too—much you want! *Mais* fo' w'at, *'tite sœur*, you too put *gri-gri* 'bov' de do'?"

Toinette blushed and bade the young imp an angry "*Tais'-toi! Tu ments!*" But in truth Toinette was guilty. Over the front door she had hidden the "wish-bone" of a chicken, though so long ago was it that the charm had worked its spell, she may have forgotten all about it. Of course the agnostic Tit-Jean had no faith in *gri-gris*, though many a one had he helped his aunts to bind on certain calves and ponies and fowls sorely vexed with evil spirits. So when Tou-tou presented him with his aunts' *gri-gris* he recognized their family likeness to those he had handled. His instinct of mischief, although not divining their specific purpose, led him to present them to his aunts. With prudence he first put Tou-tou in sanctuary with a goodly supply of rations, then ran to where his aunts sat together. Holding up in each hand a *gri-gri* in full view, he began:

"Tou-tou he look—he hunt fo' *lapin*—he no fin' *lapin*. Tou-tou he fin' someteeng alise. Mebbe dese fo' you, *mes tantes, hein?*"

Involuntarily they stretched out their hands to clutch them; then each glanced at the other, ashamed of her self-betrayal, assumed with effort an indifferent air, and denied all knowledge or claim to them. Surely none but that *coquine* of a Berthe Guédry had laid them about to do them a mischief. Alas for Tou-tou! The lamb was indeed shorn, but the storm was not tempered.

But as even after this whenever Alexandre made a visit he continued to be gracious, gay, and full of graceful compliment, they assured themselves that the *gri-gris* had had time to work, and only regretted that they had spent so much money upon them.

This Alexandre was gay and debonair. His affability of manner won all hearts. He had, too, a careless tolerance born of some knowledge of the world. His herds and flocks roamed over many an arpent of *prairie tremblante*, and twice a year he drove his *bétail* to the New Orleans market. This was to be a mighty traveller in the eyes of the simple-minded folk of Au Large, who seldom stirred from home. He was full of easy talk, gayety, and good-humor. His anecdotes might have been thought a trifle dull in town, but in the country they were new-minted and met with great appreciation. He was tall-statured, and "held himself like a lance in rest." His picturesque costume carried every female heart by storm. The average male 'Cajun was clothed in trousers of home-woven blue *cotonnade*, cut upon a nightmarish pattern evolved by his wife or mother. They reached almost to the armpits, being held in place by a home-made "gallus," and terminated at the ankle—though the lower part was usually tucked into rawhide boots. A coarse home-woven cotton shirt and a wide-brimmed straw hat completed the costume. Contrasting strongly with this homely, ungraceful dress was the becoming flannel shirt, the finely tanned tight-fitting breeches of doeskin, the well-fitting cavalry boots, and the great gray Mexican sombrero of Alexandre. No wonder that this wholesome manly fellow in this dress had captivated the momzelles Thériot. His frank, handsome face had always gained him good-will wherever he went.

Not seldom was it that Père Antoine tarried within the gates of the two momzelles, and not seldom he chanced to come when Alexandre was there. The two ladies found this vexatious. But then of course the old father would never suspect anything. But behind the spectacles of the good father twinkled a pair of far-seeing eyes. Père Antoine, too, had once come upon Toinette and Alexandre in that trysting-place behind the rose hedge, and he had shaken his fat priestly finger at them in a serio-comic manner.

To him, too, Mom Polyte made confession, and thus he knew the state of the two ladies' hearts.

Now gossip in Au Large had long declared that Père Antoine loved not so much the two momzelles as he loved the delights of their kitchen. The holy father was of an exceeding obesity, due to his intense appreciation of all those rich foods which tickle the palate, but are so atrociously fattening. Père Anastase, his beloved friend, who, in the hope of coaxing to heaven a handful of dirty, thievish Choctaw Indians, lived in the forest in a tiny hut built like a nest in the crotch of a great oak-tree, who drank cold water from a dead man's skull, who scourged his emaciated body when his sinful palate revolted against the crust and the wild berries which were his sole food—Père Anastase had striven to convince Père Antoine that he greatly displeased Heaven by his indulgence in carnal cates. But Père Antoine made answer that surely this was not so. Again and again had he implored the saints to take from him all desire for rich and delicate food if the eating of it were an offence to Heaven. But this taste, far from being removed, was increased. Therefore he was convinced that the indulgence of it was not displeasing to the good God.

Then Père Anastase went sorrowfully back into the wilderness, made longer and more frequent fasts, and doubled his own flagellations as an atonement for the blind sinfulness of his brother.

Père Antoine, with his knowledge of the love-affairs in the Thériot *cabane*, contrived when he was there that Toinetet should not pass the evening in the kitchen while her aunts usurped the attention of Alexandre. Momzelle Mayotte might inwardly rage when Père Antoine besought that no one else but she should make the gumbo and coffee, and momzelle Tise might feel ready to scratch his eyes out when he implored her to make the *fricassée* and *couche-couche*, as no one else could suit his taste, but they could not decently refuse. He declared that that child Toinette gave him the most excruciating nightmares with the dishes she prepared, and that never could she hope to find a husband until her good tantes taught her how to cook. Then he would call out to Toinette, busy in the kitchen, "*Viens ici, ma fille.* Thy old father hath yet a few teeth wherewith to break the nuts. *Va vite*, and thou, too, Alexandre, *mon fils*, and look carefully under that pecan-tree over there." Now, in the twilight the sharpest eyes may fail to see pecans lying on the ground in the shadow of a widespreading tree. Then, too, that particular tree was so far from the *cabane* that if Alexandre stole a kiss who could see? But if Cupid reigned without, in the kitchen Mars was dominant.

Thus fared the wooing, until one day Alexandre, who had just returned from market with a golden store, rode across Au Large, and found momzelle Mayotte alone on the gallery. Inwardly she exulted that sœur Tise was closeted in the chicken-house, some distance from the *cabane*, relieving sundry young fowls of the pip. She did feel a spasm of keen regret that she was not wearing her beloved frock. But Alexandre paid her many compliments, assured her he had never seen her looking so well. Then lowering his voice, and looking around to see that no one else was near, drew his chair close—oh, *so* close to momzelle Mayotte that her veins tingled. He took her hand—he took both her hands—he whispered:

"Momzelle, I so glad I fin' you by yo'se'f! Toinette she not here? *Hein! Tant mieux!* Momzelle, cef I ask you sometheeng what you go'n' say?"

Momzelle Mayotte shivered with delight. If only sœur Tise would find that *all* the chickens had the pip!

"You not go'n' say no, momzelle? *You* know, momzelle—*mais oui, sûr, sûr* you know fo' what I been come here all taim fo' so long, *n'est-ce-pas?*"

Momzelle Mayotte hung her head, and her gaunt cheeks had no need of mullein.

"Momzelle, me, I been mos' crezzee weed lov' fo' long, long taim! But me, I fredd fo' tell you 'bout eet. You fin' dat *drôle, hein?* Alexandre, what ain't fredd fo' *noboddee*, fo' noteeng, he fredd fo' you."

Ah, the happiness of momzelle Mayotte! If the good God would now but send a visitation of cholera upon those chickens!

"Momzelle, *chère* momzelle! You lak me—li'l beet? Ain' so? You go'n' say, 'Alexandre, you nee'n' hev fredd fo' me; I lak you,' *n'est-ce-pas?*"

"*Oui, mon* Alexandre, you nee'n' hev fredd fo' me. I lak you."

"*C'est bon! C'est bon!* An' you go'n' say, '*Oui?*'"

"*Oui.*"

And momzelle Mayotte covenanted with herself to give another candle to the Holy Virgin for delaying sœur Tise in the chicken-house.

"An' w'en we kin mahy ouhse'f?"

"Soon you lak!"

Then seizing momzelle Mayotte around the waist, he kissed her lips.

"Ah! *ma chère tante*, what I tell to Toinette? Me, I know all taim you go'n' pairmeet us mahy ouhse'f. *Mais*, momzelle Tise, how you theenk she go'n' say? Sem lak you?" anxiously.

In momzelle Mayotte's veins the blood was stiffening as if she were ossifying. She was proud, as all women are proud. How she hated that handsome Alexandre! But Tise? She, too, should drink from the same bitter cup.

"I go'n' go sen' mah seestah. You mek sho you talk weed her sem lak weed me, *n'est-ce-pas?*"

When momzelle Tise, summoned to a private audience with Alexandre, reached his presence, her heart beat so loud she was sure he could hear it; her knees trembled beneath her. Even as momzelle Mayotte was beguiled, so was she. Even as Momzelle Mayotte was deceived, so was she. Even as Momzelle Mayotte consented, so did she. But when the revelation came, no marbleized woman was it who sprang to her feet, shook her clinched fists in his face, and, in her fury, screeched:

"*Monstre! Traître! Diable d'un chien! Je t'-arracherai les yeux!*"

When Alexandre and Toinette "married themselves," they decided that as a peace measure it was wiser to build their *cabane* over and beyond Carancro—fully forty miles apart from the *cabane* of the Momzelles Thériot. Those two infuriated women always believed that Alexandre had wilfully tricked and humiliated them. When to Père Antoine the perplexed Alexandre revealed his embarrassment, that holy counsellor nearly choked to death with laughter. And even while he declared his sympathy for the badly used Momzelles, he laughed again and again. Even now the traveller who journeys across Au Large to Carancro will sometimes meet, mounted on his fat mare Suzanne, a rotund, red-faced priest, who every now and then is shaking with spasms of laughter. This is Père Antoine.

As Tit-Jean, with the now unharried Tou-tou, lives with Toinette, and has chipped his shell, wearing at last the much-coveted *pantalon*, it is likely that his belief in God and the devil is now correctly orthodox.

Personal

KIRK MUNROE, the writer of boys' books, and author of the "Mate" series—consisting of *Dorymates*, a story of the Gloucester fishermen and Georges Bank; *Campmates*, a story of the plains, many of the incidents in which are taken from Mr. Munroe's personal experience, for much of his early life was spent on the plains; *Canoemates*, the scene of which is laid among the coral reefs and Everglades of Florida; and *Raftmates*, a story of the great river—is off again in search of new material for another series of boys' books that promises much, for he has chosen as a background Alaska, with its wonderful possibilities and untrodden paths, and intends canoeing, tramping, and camping in search of his heroes and heroines, avoiding as much as possible the tourists' tracks, and learning from actual investigation the lives of the boys and girls that he is to write about. From Alaska he will visit the great lumber camps of Washington and Oregon, then on to the American desert, ending his trip in southern California, where the ostrich farms, raisin vineyards, and fruit orchards will no doubt prove of much interest to his ready pen, while the abandoned gold mines, around which many an untold tale of daring and adventure still lingers, are also to be the subject of sketch or story, not only for the YOUNG PEOPLE, but also the WEEKLY and BAZAR.

—Mrs. Wallace describes in this way the tomb of Mohammed Second, hero of *The Prince of India*, General Lew. Wallace's new book, just published by Harper & Brothers: "The temple of Mohammed Second is close to his mosque, in old Stamboul. The Conqueror is alone in his Palace of Peace—a splendid composite of Greek and Italian architecture, exquisite in proportion and detail, and rich as a jewel-case. The interior is brilliant with tiles of vivid color, blue and white arabesques, and the lettering of the Koran done in gold. Priceless mosaics inlay the floor beneath rugs of brocaded silk. There is no earthy smell, no ghastly suggestion, in the light and lovely chapel. The raised bier points toward Mecca, and instead of a sable pall is draped with Persian shawls bright as feather-work. Candles in great silver standards cheer the pleasant place, lustres depend from the ceiling, and ostrich eggs swing from gilt ropes, emblems of death and life undying. In the long sleep Mohammed is not stretched on the warrior's 'steel couch,' but lies as we fancy a princess might slumber, softly pillowed in her luxurious chamber, awaiting the call of the Angel of the Resurrection."

—The members of the Board of Lady Managers at Chicago promise to be victims of nervous prostration if their own exciting sessions and the continuous round of entertainments for them and by them are longer maintained. Committee meetings, board meetings, teas, visits, and receptions keep the board busy within the fair from ten in the morning until dinner-time, and often until late into the night. Mrs. Potter Palmer has not left the city since the fair began, and drives the eleven miles from her residence to the fair grounds every day. Her wonderful endurance is now dwelt upon as much as her beauty by those who praise her, and through all the parliamentary riots and panics in her board meetings Mrs. Palmer remains cool and smiling, sustained maybe by the perfection of her toilettes, which are always exquisite.

—Mr. Edward E. Ayer, of Chicago, owns the finest collection of works of Indian art and the most complete library on the native races of North America of any one in this country. The Anthropological Building at the fair holds the better part of his collection for this summer, and the beadwork of his plains Indians and the graceful carved spoons of the Northwest coast tribes arouse envy in the hearts of æsthetes and anthropologists.

—Women have led in the progress of the ceramic art since our last great exposition. The Rookwood ware of Cincinnati and the gold china of Miss Healy, of Washington, are the great novelties in their line at Chicago. Miss Healy's process is the cause of much argument and envy by European porcelain-makers.

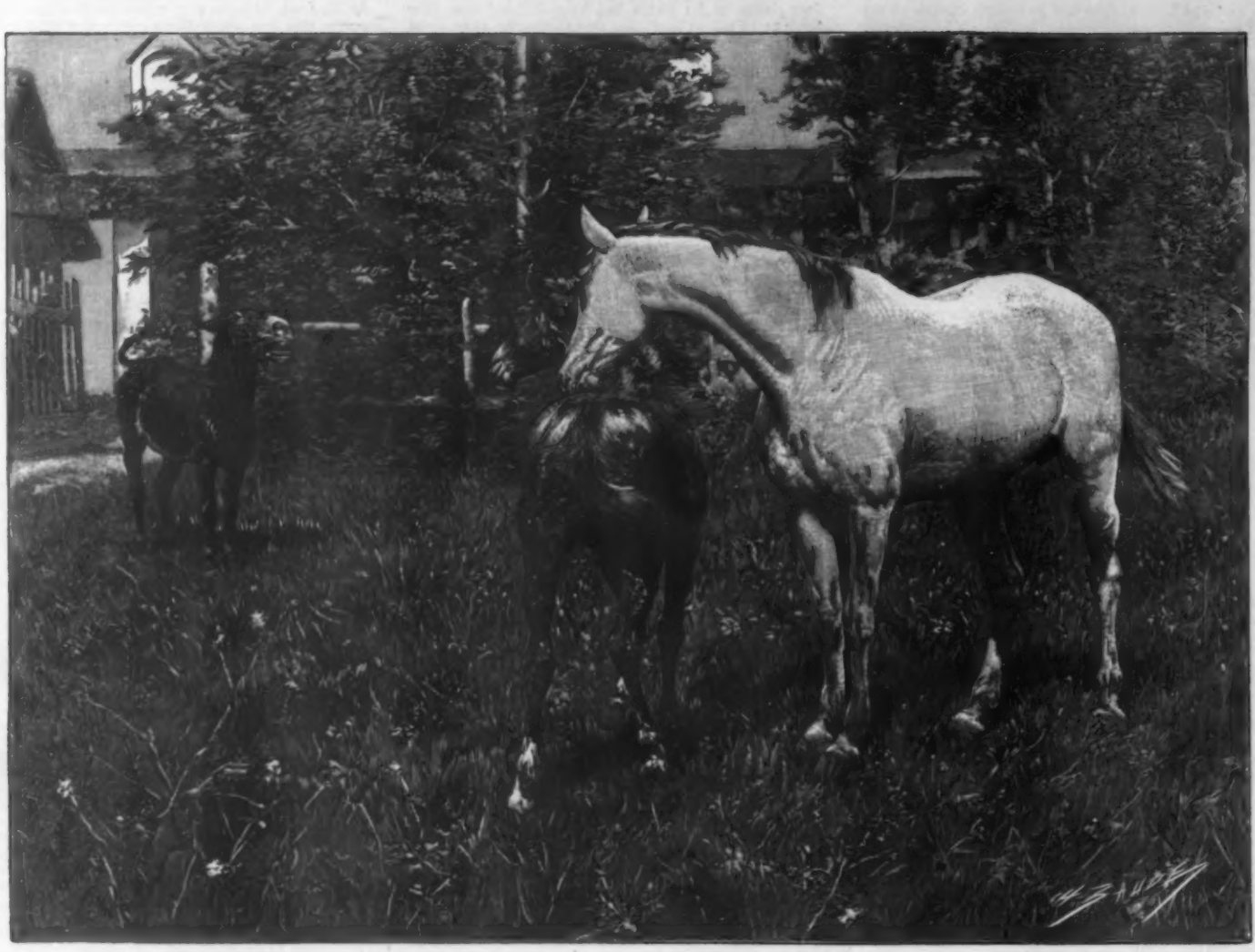
—One feature of the World's Fair attendance which many visitors remark is the presence of so many Catholic Sisters among the sight-seers. The monastery of La Rabida, where the relics of Columbus and the valuable loan collection of the Pope are placed, seems interesting to them, and a group of Sisters in their convent dress completes the picture in the patio of that building.

—Five years ago E. P. Bergamini, an Italian banker of New York, died, owing eight hundred depositors about $25,000. Ever since then his two daughters, Rachel and Sasselone, have labored diligently to clear off this indebtedness, surrendering all of their real and personal property, including even jewels, pictures, and books, supporting themselves meanwhile, the one by teaching, the other by working as an amanuensis in a lawyer's office. A few weeks ago they met the creditors in the Chamberlain's office, and paid out $18,000 in checks, varying in amount from $100 to fifty cents. They hope to liquidate the remaining debts in time.

—The Queen of Denmark is stone-deaf, a throat malady being responsible for the affliction. And the Princess of Wales inherits the same trouble. She is already so deaf that she can hear nothing unless it is shouted into her ear; and her daughter, the Princess Maud, has a tendency to throat trouble which, it is feared, may in time impair her hearing also.

—Perhaps the three most precocious musicians in Europe at this time are Josef Hoffmann, the pianist, Raoul Kaulkowzki, who is also a pianist, and Jean Gerardy, the 'cellist. Hoffmann is of course best known to the American public, and he is said to have rallied completely from the effects of his overwork in this country. His compositions show great talent. The little Raoul, who is only nine years old, is a Polish boy, and is court pianist to the Czar of Russia. He, too, has a talent for composition, and has won many orders and medals. Jean Gerardy, the Belgian, although but ten years of age, has already gained the reputation of an artist by the skill and finish of his playing.

—Queen Victoria is a skilful knitter, and works at it indefatigably. She has knitted, with her ladies, many quilts for the use of the wounded in hospitals during the campaigns of the British forces.



AN INTRUDER.—Engraved by Ch. Baude from the Picture by A. Paris, exhibited in the Salon of the Champs Élysées, 1893.

AN ON-LOOKER IN CAIRO.

STEPPING through the gateway in the blank wall that encloses the "Street in Cairo," on the Midway Plaisance, one is instantly transported from Chicago to the Orient.

Leaving the wide macadamized road, you are in a narrow brick-paved street, lined with structures which look exactly like those in pictures of Eastern cities, with their little balconies and latticed windows. Men and boys in turbans and long loose robes of blue or white cotton, their bare feet thrust into heelless slippers, are on all sides, with now and then one in handsome attire, while a few have American shoes and stockings.

A dozen donkeys with high padded saddles and turbaned attendants are waiting for customers. Most of their patrons are children; but occasionally it is comical to see some stout elderly man gravely mount one of the little animals and go clattering up the street to the end and back again. There must be satisfaction in it, or so many would not do it.

All the lower stories of the houses are converted into little shops, where quantities of Oriental wares are for sale, while potters, shoemakers, embroiderers, weavers, and cooks are seen at work. A large café at each end of Cairo Street is cosmopolitan rather than Oriental in appearance and character; but then people must eat.

Turning a corner to the left, we come upon a small mosque, whose graceful minaret is the most conspicuous feature of the place. At the steps of this mosque there is always a laughing crowd, for here are spread the cushions on which the camels kneel to receive or relinquish their riders.

The camels themselves are always interesting, and perhaps nature made them so to atone for their excessive ugliness. Their absurdly supercilious expression, ungainly lumpy legs, skinny neck, undignified wisp of tail, and dingy color, the awkward and surprising way in which they kneel down, apparently breaking their legs, and the still more surprising way in which they get up, jerking the inexperienced rider backward, forward, and back again with such violence as to all but throw him off or dislocate his spine, are unending sources of amusement. Sometimes the laugh is turned on some unwary ones in the crowd who press close, forgetting that when the camel rises he stretches his neck forward an astonishing distance; then there is a scattering and a chorus of shrieks and exclamations.

Sitting on the steps of the mosque there is heard overhead a babel of youthful voices, without pause and without variation. Inquiring the cause, I am informed that it is the school. In my experience with American schools, both public and private, I had heard nothing like it, so I am curious to see it. It seems that when the dwellers in the Turkish village were brought over they stipulated that the education of the children should go on—of the boys, that is, for the girls do not count. A handsome young priest conducts the school.

He sits at a desk with a small bamboo rod in his hand. Around him, cross-legged on the floor, were about a dozen small boys, apparently from nine to thirteen years old. The smaller ones held little tablets about six by eight inches, on which were inscribed a few lines, and the others had books on sawhorse-shaped book-rests. All were studying aloud at once at the top of their voices. Some beat their breasts and rocked back and forth as our own children do when studying extra hard; and it was not to be wondered at that others furtively glanced at the spectators and laughed, until the frown of the teacher or a light tap made them hasten to gabble louder than ever.

One scholar was called up, and recited seemingly endless pages from a big book, partly in the form of question and answer; but the noise went on all the same. I asked a giggling little imp to read me what was on his tablet. It was such a regular repetition both in looks and sound, with slight alterations in terminations, that it seemed like the conjugation of a verb or part of a table, but he said it was from the Koran. Turning away, I met a small American boy, and asked him what he thought of that school. He said, "It sounds more like recess than like school."

Further along the street is the theatre where the Nautch-girls dance the much-talked-of *danse du ventre*. According to our notions there is little dancing about it; it is mostly contortion. They have a wonderful control of the abdominal and pectoral muscles, and can make the breast and shoulders shake without moving the frame, much as a horse makes his skin quiver to shake off flies. They have a rotary hip motion, like that taught in the Delsarte exercises, and a sudden and surprising upward jerk of the abdominal muscles. All these unusual motions are emphasized by strings of beads and bells that rattle and jingle. The exhibition is very curious and astonishing; in fact, rather repulsive. Much has been said in some quarters about the immorality of this dancing; but it appears to me more moral than the average ballet, and it is modesty itself compared with some performances in the city that are advertised daily, with no word of criticism. But then we are used to the ballet, and this other dancing is new to us.

In a tent a famous Hindoo juggler does the wonderful things we have all heard of, and which none of us can explain. He makes a plant grow before your very eyes. He puts a person into a basket, and runs a sword through and through it. Then opening the basket, it is shown to be empty; shutting and opening it again, there is the person uninjured.

The Soudanese and Nubians have a queer exhibition. They have two or three beehive-shaped huts shingled with bark, containing no furniture except a few cooking utensils. Their theatre has a front and top of bark; the sides are made of what looks like bedquilts of gay-colored pieces sewed on a background in very elaborate and pretty patterns. They have two drums and a rude harp. A Soudanese man with a wig over his short wool, and a belt to which are attached great bunches of shells, dances in a wild fashion, shaking his hips to rattle the shells. A baby girl some two years old, in a little red cotton dress, with many blue and white bead bracelets on her fat wrists, and beads hanging from her hair over her forehead, amused herself and the audience by stamping her tiny bare feet and shaking her little belt of shells in imitation of the man. Now she sat down and played with her bushy wig; then putting it on wrong side before, she danced again. She is too young to be trained, but she is evidently much petted, and her natural attempts at mimicry are encouraged. The charm is somewhat marred by her going about among the spectators, holding out her small fat palm for pennies. The Nubians, though dirty, are very good-looking. Three young girls are really pretty with their bronze skins and soft bright eyes, though the oldest is adorned with a brass ornament in one side of her nose and a bright blue under lip. Their hair is braided in scores of tiny braids about eight inches long, and smeared with such a quantity of some white substance that the whole mop of hair appears gray, and had a most unpleasant odor. Their arms and feet are bare, and long pieces of cloth, like dingy cheese-cloth with a red border, are wound around their bodies in a not ungraceful fashion, and form the entire costume.

At high noon, the fashionable hour, there is a wedding procession through Cairo Street. First come two handsomely dressed men with long wands, who march with great dignity on either side of the way. They are followed by two black men in scanty clothing. They lead a richly decked camel, on which sits a man who drums a while and then waves a sword around his head. Then follow several men with swords and shields, carrying on a sort of mock combat, fighting the air and clashing the swords on the shields. Behind comes a lattice-work palanquin, empty and suspended between two very handsomely decked camels, and last comes the little bride under a pink and yellow canopy supported by boys. She looks like a walking red bundle, so enveloped is she from head to foot. She is immediately preceded by a group of men, one of whom carries on his head what looks like a tall brass folding screen, and is surrounded by women, most of whom wear black flowing robes, and a black veil over the lower part of the face, held in place by the brass ornament on the nose. This is not so unbecoming as one would think, for it makes the eyes and forehead look quite handsome—a fact of which they seem well aware.

The whole scene and its surroundings probably give as correct a view of Cairo and Egyptian life as can possibly be obtained without going to Africa. Maria A. Watt.

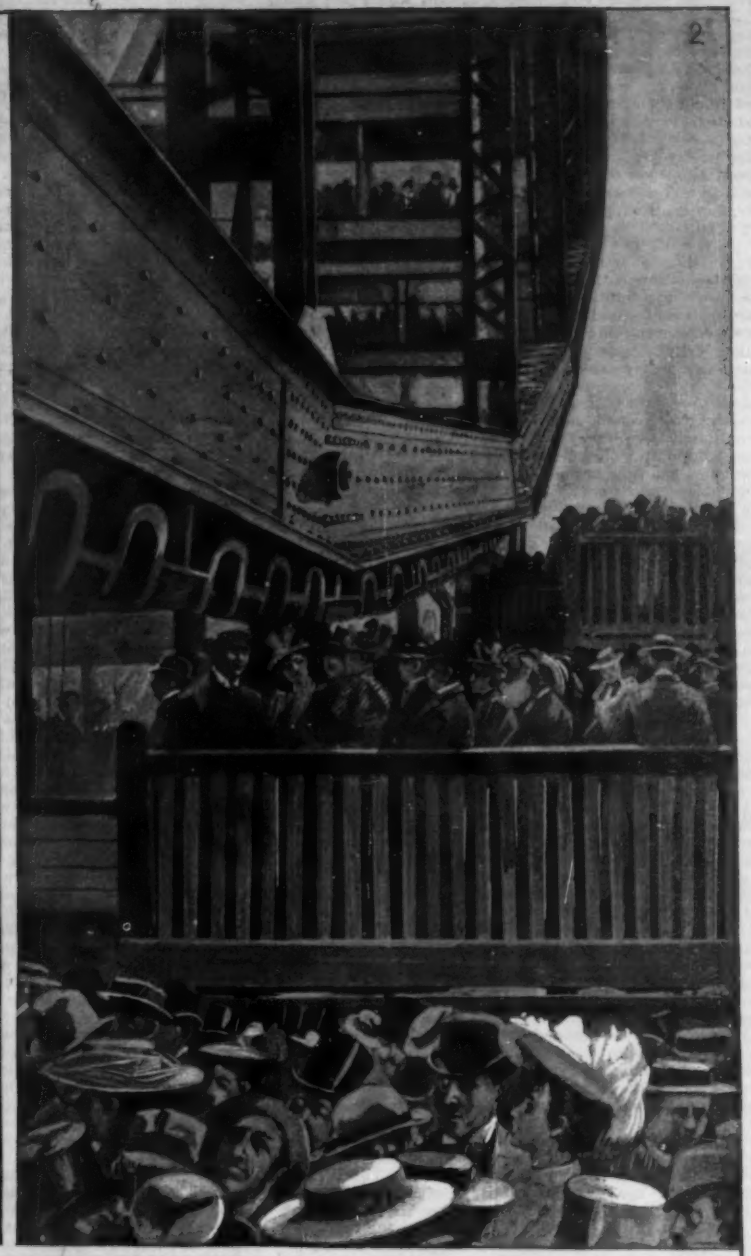
GLIMPSES OF THE FAIR.

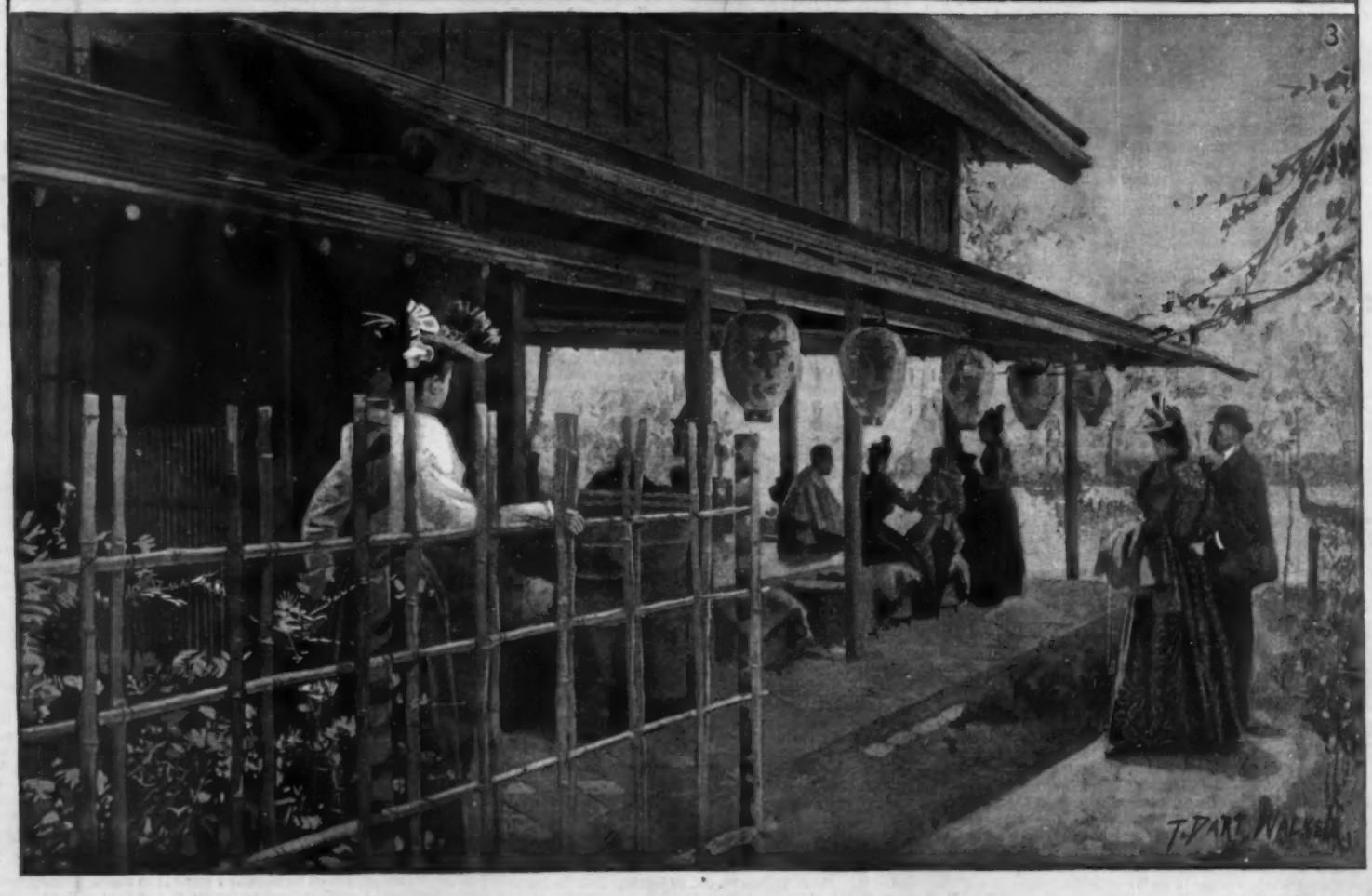
See illustration on page 697.

To reach the Convent of La Rabida—the Convent of La Rabida at the fair—one must go beyond the Court of Honor, pass the Peristyle with its dash of the lake beyond, and cross a little bridge. If you should chance to make this journey in a chair, you will discover that this bridge will give you one of the unique sensations of your life, for both its ascending and descending lines are pitched at such an angle that the slight college youth who propels you is obliged to use the skill of a mountaineer in making a zigzag passage across it. To the pedestrian this angle is a matter of indifference. To one in a chair it is a question of absorbing interest, so difficult is it at times to land exactly where one would.

The chair must of course be abandoned before the little sandy hill is reached on which the convent stands, but a few yards away from the great Krupp exhibit, where sentinels pace all day.

It gives one an impression not easily forgotten to come here upon this still white convent, surmounted by its simple cross. Centuries away in sentiment it seems from all the gay uproar of the Midway Plaisance, centuries away in civilization, worlds away from all the classic beauty of the great White City peopled with its statues breathing the very spirit of the Greeks. No architectural device breaks the unpretentious monotony of its ghostly walls. No flower nor shade adorns or protects the windows opening on to the world outside. One must go in-doors for these, into the





GLIMPSES OF THE WORLD'S FAIR.—Drawn by T. Dart Walker.—[See Page 696.]

1. In the Garden of the Convent of La Rabida. 2. The Rush for Seats at the Ferris Wheel. 3. At the Japanese Tea House.

court, all sunshine and blossom, toward which the whole interior of the convent turns with open face as with the smile of some eager child. Here, too, in this court, one finds to-day almost the only quiet possible within its walls. For its stone corridors, on to which the cells all open, and which run about the court, are forever resounding with the tread of hundreds of sight-seers, jostling and elbowing a way along their narrow stretch. In and out they go all day, now into the convent cells, now scanning the pictures that cover the walls—pictures illustrating the life of Columbus—and now with eager scrutiny examining the famous documents and treasures—never into the garden in the little court, except when rest and relief and perhaps reminiscence are wanted.

If you will not be jarred upon by the change, and want to understand the real scope of the fair, then go direct from this lonely convent, with its brooding spirit of stillness that not even the sight-seer can dispel but for a moment—go direct from the convent to the Ferris Wheel. Were the antipodes ever expressed so fully? What is more modern, more daring, more removed from the conventual spirit, than this? If you step into one of its cars—you can only reach it at fifteen feet above the ground—you will be slowly revolved to a height of 265 feet, and then slowly revolved down again, quite on the same principle on which you might have been revolved in one of those smaller and very diminutive affairs always to be seen at country picnic grounds, and after which this Ferris Wheel is modelled, though on a vastly greater scale. The ascent is made so slowly that the motion is almost imperceptible to the passenger.

Nothing of the spirit of the modern has put its blight upon the naïve, yet wise with the ages, spirit of the Japanese. You dismiss the Ferris Wheel as a great marvel, but one out of the line of your daily needs, when you enter the tea-house. Here all the past looks out at you from among its traditions and its arts and its manners, gracefully adapting themselves to the needs of the present. You drink tea that delights you. You listen to voices that charm you. You are living in an atmosphere that vivifies for you the memories of a civilization so old we are infants and often crudities to it. L. H. F.

ANGELA.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

ALL her life she had had such wild dreams of the North Cape. She had heard some one talking of it when she was a child. All her life was not very long—she was only in her seventeenth year; and in the seventeenth year imagination, hope, and longing are very strong. She had not had a life abounding in active pleasures. Her father, an officer in the army, had died in her earlier years, and left her mother with but a trifle more than her small pension and the pretty house in the country which, except a few jewels, had been her only inheritance. In one of his furloughs her father had built a piazza on the southwestern side of this house, and every spring a new vine and a new shrub had been set out, till now it was a little bowery paradise under its great purple beeches and overrun with roses and honeysuckles and clematis and trumpet-vines. The minister, after he had left preaching on account of his throat, and was devoting his life to some abstruse study, thought himself very lucky to be allowed to continue to board with Mrs. Anasterstay; for when he wrote his sermons they had been all the more full of reverence and praise and thanks because of the wild garden beneath his window, and the sweet order and simplicity of the home, where Angela came to him with her Latin lesson, her mother supplying the child's French and music, and she herself developing as best she could, with her mother's praise and the minister's criticism, the wonderful talent with her pencil which really needed a fostering and instruction that could be had only in some great studio here or in Paris.

Angela and her mother themselves, with their sun-bonnets and big gloves, and the very occasional help of a laborer for a day, took care of the garden; the money received from the eggs, the asparagus, and early vegetables and currants and apples, which they sold, was sufficient with what they had, and the minister's board, for their needs; and the minister himself ran the lawn-mower and pruned the trees for exercise. It seemed to an outsider an ideal home; but to the child full of springing life it had an exceeding monotony that sometimes made her ache to burst its bonds. She never spoke of it to her mother, but her mother divined it by that divination which belongs to mothers, and when she saw Angela at her easel in the garden she knew what that far blue mountain shadow in the distance of her sketch meant to her, what that intense azure of the sky held, what the boughs of the flowering cherry signified, what was the secret of that rosy gleam deep in the heart of the apple orchard on the hill-side that she drew—it all held the young girl's yearning for the unknown, the great, the beautiful.

Angela remembered dimly vast mountain views that she had seen when a child in the West at her father's post; remembered great soul-delighting stretches of sky and prairie; remembered a glimpse of the glory of the rush and waste of waters at Niagara that had seemed to overwhelm her even then. She was plainly a child of genius; but when she longed for the things that feed genius, she recollected Millet and his peasants, and wrought all the more closely over her hill-side orchards, her purple valley view, her fine and patient garden scenes—the things that were at hand.

It was these garden scenes that did the mischief for Angela,—since Helen Elverton thought she was an artist too, Helen, a girl somewhat older, who, having no other home than a boarding-house in the town, had been made welcome at Mrs. Anasterstay's till she looked on the place as almost a home; even her sister Maria, a young teacher, going there for rest and kindness when she would. Helen thought she was an artist too, and painted flowers, great luxuriant clusters in which she fondly dreamed lurked all the beauty of the blossom and the light, but which were really as empty as last year's leaves. How to fill her pencil with color, how to mass the shadows and develop the lights, how even to see shapes and tints, were things beyond her. "She doesn't paint the flower," thought Angela, "because she doesn't see it." But she said nothing of the sort; only she allowed Helen to watch her at work, to Helen's amazed bewilderment, who saw her use colors that to her eyes were not there, and indicate lines that she herself failed to perceive. But when Angela's pictures all sold at the Hospital Fair, and hers were left over like scraps of paper and the débris of the day, it was not a lively affection that she felt for Angela. That Angela, with the most gentle kindness, gave her a series of lessons then in all the little that she knew herself did not change her feelings; but of course it was not best to betray such feelings, as the young Lieutenant was visiting Mrs. Anasterstay, and smiles were much more becoming to her than frowns; for she was a girl of a type like the flowers she painted, large and luxurious and richly tinted, and Lieutenant Royce had been struck with her from the first, with her high spirits, her high color, and her good comradeship.

Mrs. Anasterstay's womanly heart had not been proof against the instinct of match-making here. Somehow she did not even ask herself why she had not felt inclined that way when Helen cast her eyes on the minister. Perhaps she knew that the minister was unsuited to such companionship, but felt that the Lieutenant would be as happy with Helen as with another. At any rate, knowing Mr. Royce as she did, and his mother and father before him, and the fact of his virtues and courage and easy temper, and the further fact of an inheritance which she had herself been the means of securing to him by filling his old great-aunt with his praises, she had felt safe in having Helen Elverton at the house as much as possible. And as she had previously procured the place of type-writer to the minister for the penniless and nearly friendless girl, and had made her welcome in the family whenever her services were needed by the student, she now made it an easy matter for Mr. Royce to lose his heart to her.

Perhaps she had not made it an easy matter for the minister to lose his heart to her. At all events, when Helen had tried any of her airs and graces on him, her airs of innocence, her graces of naturalness, there was always Angela with the real thing putting her to shame, and the minister never so much as saw her. She did not love Angela any more for that either. But even while she was indebted to Mrs. Anasterstay and her daughter for many of her comforts and pleasures, and for the very gown she wore herself, the corrosiveness of Helen's nature had its way; and the sight of Angela, white-gowned, her blue ribbons bringing down something of the sky about her as she sat at her easel on the lawn under the big umbrella, with her hat fallen backward from her mop of curls, a picture herself, a great bough of the Duchess roses pulled down behind her while she painted, filled Helen's heart with emotions which could hardly be called envy, but in which there was certainly some fear and more dislike. Perhaps it was because the ingenuousness and nobility of Angela made her acquainted with the deceit and malice of her own nature; perhaps it was because the minister sometimes looked at Angela and smiled back at Mrs. Anasterstay as if there were some knowledge between them of Angela's perfections which Helen herself was not able to perceive. But that sight of Angela gave her a pang, some memory of which recurred to her every time she glanced at her afterwards, and despite the fact that it was that very evening that the Lieutenant had told her that she herself was all the world to him, and not three months later that she was married to him, Mrs. Anasterstay giving her as pretty a wedding from the cottage, gay with red leaves and shocks of corn in the pleasant autumn weather, as she would have given her own daughter, and she herself bestowing on Mrs. Anasterstay in return profuse expressions of gratitude, and of the Lieutenant's wish to be of use to her if ever that might be.

"I can never repay you," said Helen, unclasping Mrs. Anasterstay's diamond pin from her veil, and handing it back to her, before getting into her travelling-dress, "for all you have done for me. I can't wish anything to happen to you, you know, but if something would only give me a way to show you what I feel!"

"My dear Helen, don't speak of repaying. It has all been such a pleasure to us. And it always will be a joy to think of your happiness with Morley Royce."

"Isn't he fine!" cried the bride, with her blushes radiant. "Isn't he good? Isn't he going to be a great man? If there is another war he is sure to come to the top! And who knows—a successful general is so popular—I may be the wife of the President yet. And I owe it all to you!"

"You owe it to your own beauty and charm and sweetness, Helen," said Mrs. Anasterstay, laughing, and quite believing for the moment that this grateful, laughing, blushing, happy young wife had charm and sweetness, as she evidently had beauty.

And then the bride went away with her husband to his post on the far frontier, and the minister gave his fee to Helen's sister, and did not go back to his books, feeling that the festival lasted all day; and Mrs. Anasterstay revolved within herself a thousand plans for the young officer's advancement, since, owing to the large acquaintance which she had never entirely dropped, she had more or less personal influence in high quarters, where the men in authority had been in their early days shoulder to shoulder with her husband.

And so little Angela went on with her still sweet life, her books, her paintings, her dreams, and occasionally her longing to burst the bounds. And more and more she found the need of teachers, of the great models, of the vast help to be found in the work of masters. "If I could have a season at either of the art schools in the great cities!" she said to herself. "If I could join Giustiniani's class! Or even—even if I could go abroad—even if I could go abroad! What a wild impossible if! If I could go to the planet Mars!"

Sometimes the minister, when he had brought his big book out under the laburnum-tree, where he could not see to read for the sunshine that freckled the leaf, forgot his page, looked up at her as if he were looking past her, and seemed lost in thought, and a strange light came into his eyes, and she saw that they were large and luminous eyes when they were not hidden behind his reading-glasses. Angela wondered once that she had never seen that light in them before. Strange, she thought, for so old a man as the minister to have such splendid eyes. And then she found herself presently admiring a line of the minister's face that reminded her of the cast of the Hermes—but then the Hermes was a boy, a young man. And what was the minister—the poor minister whose next birthday was his thirty-third! Suddenly a flush burned all over Angela's face that was never thrown there by the pink ribbon snooding her fair hair—a flush that in another instant was repeated on the minister's face. And the mother saw the flush and the reflection, and looked down to hide the flush upon her own. "And Angela but seventeen years old!" she sighed.

"My dear Mrs. Anasterstay," the letter ran from Helen the next March, "do you know what good thing has happened to me? My husband has been granted a four months' leave, and we are going abroad! We are going with Giustiniani. He will take his class to Spain. Think what an opportunity! To be sure, it is not the North Cape, which Angela has so longed to see. But it is Spain. And there are Murillos, and Velasquez, the Escurial, the—I don't know what. Imagine it! How Angela would enjoy it! Is it impossible for her to go? It will cost only a thousand dollars apiece. There are eight in all, besides ourselves. Angela would just make it a *partie carrée*, and you know that is so desirable about coaches and all the rest."

"The good Helen!" cried Mrs. Anasterstay. "If it were only possible!"

"Yes," said Angela, "if it were only possible! But it isn't, and we mustn't mind."

"We won't waste time in regretting," said Mrs. Anasterstay, looking out at the sky full of that lofty light of early spring which always seems full of hope. "And to regret makes it so serious."

"It is just a castle in the air, mamma, only we can't put in the foundations."

But the thing Angela had dreamed of here, so within a step, so within the grasp of the hand; Helen going, it made Europe seem so near; never had it been so hard to accept the self-denials of her lot. But she conquered. She resolutely bound herself down not to think of it, to picture it, to long for it; and she tired herself out with trudges far afield for a wood scene that she knew, where the buds were just putting out in the green dark with the first stirring life of the earth, rather dreading to come home and find Helen and her husband there, for her mother had written them to come and stay at the cottage till the day of sailing, as it was but twenty miles from town, saving them a hotel bill thereby.

"You are so good," wrote Helen in reply. "We shall be so glad to come. And as for the rest, I can hardly believe it isn't all a dream. To see Gibraltar; to sketch in the Alhambra; to see the old Spanish cathedrals; to ride over the Sierras, with the muleteers tinkling before you—how it would delight Angela's soul!"

"Oh," cried Angela, "I know how Tantalus felt! I might as well sing, 'Swing low, sweet chariot,' and expect to be taken to heaven, as to think of going in Giustiniani's class."

"There are greater painters, greater teachers than Giustiniani," said the minister.

"But Giustiniani seems so near, so—so not impossible—since Helen is going with him!"

So Helen came, and of course she talked of nothing but the voyage and Spain and the journey home across France, with a stay at Paris for the Louvre, and then to Antwerp, and to buy some Brussels lace before sailing.

Helen buying Brussels lace! How the tables had been turned! Mrs. Anasterstay had given her her wedding-dress and the lace with which it had been trimmed, and she and Angela had turned and remade their last year's coats and dresses to atone for it.

And while Helen talked she fetched the minister's atlas and called Angela to pore over it with her, and showed her this place of which Giustiniani had spoken, where you went through the church to reach the market-place, and the fountains where the brown-skinned, red-kerchiefed girls drew water, and another where they would bait for the Moorish ruins, and told her what Giustiniani had said of the colors of the arid Spanish landscape; and Angela got out Lockhart's *Ballads* and read them here and there, and every night it seemed more cruel than it did the night before that Angela could not go.

One day Mrs. Anasterstay went into town, her shopping-satchel in her hand. When she came back she tossed Angela a little roll of money; it was twelve crisp one-hundred-dollar bills. She had sold the diamond-pin and earrings, which had been her mother's, which she had kept through so much struggle and straitening, and which she had hoped to be able to hand down for yet more generations, and the great solitaire ring that her impulsive and extravagant husband had given her on the day of their marriage, and that had always seemed to her a visible sign of the bond that bound them. "It is just as well," she had said to herself when the transaction was concluded; "I was making a fetich of them. Poor as we were, I used to feel the possession of those diamonds was a patent of nobility. I wonder I never thought before what they could do for Angela. My mother, her dear father, are giving her this pleasure now by means of them." Now she came in and tossed them lightly into Angela's lap. "There is Spain for you," she said, "and lessons with Giustiniani," and she went up stairs before Angela understood quite what it meant.

"Angela can go now," said Mrs. Anasterstay, pausing, with her bonnet in her hand, at Helen's door.

"And you too?" said Helen, sweetly, after half a second's start and delay.

"I?" said Mrs. Anasterstay. "Oh, no, indeed. That would be too much even to hope for. To send Angela was more than I dreamed of till the diamonds occurred to me."

"The diamonds! Oh!" cried Helen, her great brown eyes sparkling like diamonds too. "You don't mean to say—"

"That I have sold my diamonds?" coming into the room. "Yes, and gladly, to buy Angela such a pleasure, such a help, such an advantage as this trip—"

"Yes, an inestimable advantage, if she can really go."

"Why, of course she can go. I have just brought home the money for her to go—twelve hundred dollars. And that is the thousand necessary, you see, and two hundred over for contingencies."

"But that two hundred won't take you, you know."

"Certainly I know it," said Mrs. Anasterstay, with a laugh. "I don't expect it to."

"And what then?"

"And what then?" a little wonderingly. "Why, what is it?"

"Dear Mrs. Anasterstay—oh, how you distress me! My dear Mrs. Anasterstay, you don't—you can't—you can't for a moment think I would take the care of such a precious child as Angela, without you, three thousand miles from home."

"Helen! You mean to say—"

"I say," she exclaimed, "that nothing in the world would tempt me to take Angela with me to Europe—so young, so fragile."

"She is young, but she is not in the least fragile."

"That fair, delicate child not fragile! She looks as if a wind would blow her away."

"She never had a sick day in her life!"

"She is just a leaf on a stem, she is so slight. Oh, no, no, don't speak of it! Ask anything else," averting her face from her outstretched hands. "Don't ask me that! I shouldn't enjoy one moment; not that that is of any consequence; but I shouldn't have a day's peace. I should be filled with apprehension. Without you? Oh, no, it mustn't, it cannot be! Don't ask me, Mrs. Anasterstay! I should have to refuse; and, oh, how dreadful to refuse you anything!"

"I will not ask you," said Mrs. Anasterstay, turning to go out.

"Oh, now you are offended with me!" cried Helen.

"Offended? Why should I be? It is perhaps too much for you. I confess I never thought of it in that light. No, it would not do for me to trust Angela away from me with

you." And Mrs. Ansterstay took up the [illegible] that had slipped off, and left the room quietly, very quietly; she was too angry to make an ungentle movement.

Her Angela unwelcome! Her Angela go where she was not wanted, indeed! And why not want her Angela? And —angrier still—after all she had done for that girl! But the next thought was as instant in declaring that ignoble. What she had done was done without thought of reward; it had not been much, anyway. And perhaps the girl was right; it might not be best for Angela to leave her own care; Helen's feeling might be only affectionate consideration for Angela. Probably that was the truth. Well, she was sorry she had sold the diamonds; sorry she had let Angela know; and it would almost break Angela's heart after all her dreaming, and that moment of certainty which sight of the money gave.

It did—it did almost break Angela's heart; but she knew she ought not to let it pain her too much, as that would only pain her mother; and then she understood more than her mother was willing to do. And although she was very white and trembling, she would not give a sign of her hurt, but took it gayly. "Oh, no," she said, when the subject was broached by the unconscious Lieutenant, after he arrived. "I couldn't go up to town and see you off. Do you suppose I could leave the ship if once I were on it?"

"I don't know why, Angela," said the kindly Lieutenant, "when your mother has been so good to me, you shouldn't let me be good to you, and take you over—"

"Without mamma? Oh, no, I thank you."

"But with mamma."

"Mamma couldn't go this summer. Oh, no. It is quite enough for you to take Maria. How kind you are! I want to tell you, though, I shall always feel as if you *had* taken me!"

When Helen and her husband had departed, with protestations on Helen's part, as usual, and warm farewells on the Lieutenant's, Mrs. Ansterstay put on her things to take the next train and visit a friend of hers who was a broker, and who could advise her concerning some investment of the bank-bills, which Angela had given back to her, that ultimately might give Angela her heart's desire. But some half-way in to town the train stopped; there had been a derailment; the preceding train had been delayed; and now the passengers of her own train were requested to walk round and enter the waiting cars of that. It was a drawing-room car, of the kind where the compartments are separated by low partitions, and against one of these Mrs. Ansterstay had taken her seat for the few remaining moments of the ride, looking out of window at the late sweet April glory of the thickets near which the derailment had occurred, when a strangely familiar voice struck her ear, and she recollected that of course this was the train Helen had chosen, and recognized that it was Helen and her sister Maria in that compartment; it was the Lieutenant pacing up and down outside with his cigar and an acquaintance till the signal for starting came. "Yes," Helen was saying, "I served her out, I'm glad to say. The idea of my having her along—that girl! She paints well enough now! She shan't paint a bit better if I can help it! I remember how she worked her pictures off, and had mine left at the fair. I'm not going to have her get all Giustiniani's praises and wonderment; and he would give all his time, too, to any one like her. It makes me gay when I think how I've hindered her having this chance. If you'll believe it, Morley is such a silly, he really would have made a fuss, would have insisted on taking her at his own expense, if I hadn't scared him green about her health. He is altogether too fond of her now. I'm not going to have him seeing more of her."

"Why, Helen!"

"I never could understand why she didn't take him when she could have had him. To let me feel that I had a left-over, I suppose. But she needn't forget that I know who came between me and the minister."

"Oh, now, Helen!"

"I don't care! I can't endure her, with her sweetness and her softness and her wild-roseness. I'm so tired of hearing her mother sounding her praises, and having every one bowing down before her as if she were a whole saints' calendar. Well, I shall have been to Europe, I shall have taken lessons of Giustiniani, I shall have seen the old masters with a young master lending me his eyes, I shall have travelled. And I've made her want to go for all I'm worth. And she will have staid at home, a little country girl painting little daubs."

"I don't see how you can feel so, Helen!" cried Maria. "I am ashamed of you." And then Mrs. Ansterstay rose and went into a forward car.

"And I could have had him assigned to such pleasant duty," said Mrs. Ansterstay to herself. "Pleasant!" she was near exclaiming aloud. "I have some influence left. I will have them ordered to the hottest post in Arizona, where there is not a pleasure in life! No, no," said the inner voice, directly. "Nothing so unworthy." And she was glad that she had the day to herself, and away from Angela, that the child might not see her struggle with her anger, her contempt with herself for being angry, and her effort after calmness. "No, I will do them no harm," she said at last. "I will not speak to the General. I will do them no harm, but then I will do them no good either. I could have done them some good."

And poor Angela. Europe disappearing like a mirage, when her hand had been almost on it; now farther away than ever. She tried not to let her mother know, but she could not help it; she could not help looking white and going about like a little ghost till it made her mother's heart ache to look at her. And then suddenly Angela bethought herself. What was she, to be so wrapped in selfishness to make her mother miserable because of her own disappointment? It was too trivial, too childish, when all was said. And she called up her reserves and found the world fair here at home.

And when the disappointment had passed, Angela had a happy summer. The minister was not working so much as usual, and he often went with her on her sketching rambles; and he had a horse and a low phaeton that season, and took her to farther distances than she could walk; and it was astonishing how surely he found the picturesque spot, and how what he saw, both in the landscape and in her work, stimulated her pencil. And in the evenings she sat at the piano playing to him the old Scotch songs that he found so full of music, and Angela marvelled how she could have been willing to go away from home, and it seemed to her now that she had never known what it was to be happy before.

But October found Mrs. Royce on her native shore again. Letters had been received from her occasionally during the summer; not often, for there had been no replies. But Mrs. Royce was not to be daunted; and in October came another letter, speaking of the delights of her foreign trip, of her regrets that Angela could not have had them, and carrying affairs with so high a hand that one would have supposed that by declining to take the care of her she had as good as saved Angela's life.

And in November Mrs. Royce wrote again for the price of that noble action. Mr. Royce had been ordered to a frontier post in the Indian country, one of hardship and danger; the thought of it made Helen shudder. And Washington was so pleasant. "And just think," she wrote, "to leave Washington with all the lovely things I bought in Paris still in my boxes! There is one Worth gown—no, that's the one Félix made—you have to call it a dream, because you can't believe it's real. It's the last faint tint of Nile green changing into the last faint salmon pink, and it is a foam of lace and water-lilies, and Mr. Royce gave me a great trembling lily of tiny brilliants to wear in my hair with it—a water-nymph might wear it! And what good will all my pretty dresses do me out there, with a scalping-knife hanging over my head! Oh, dear Mrs. Ansterstay, you have done me so many favors! I never can say half of what I feel! But out of pity for my husband, and for old friendship's sake—I can't sleep at night for the terror of it—you have so much influence with the General, and the new Secretary is a friend of yours too, and thinks the General made the whole army—don't let us go out there to be tomahawked and stuck full of burning splinters! And do have us kept here in this delightful life of receptions and dinners and balls, which are the element of your Helen."

For a few moments Mrs. Ansterstay felt that fate was good to her, and now her time had come. Keep her in Washington, dancing, dining, driving—of what monumental metal was this young woman made to ask it! Certainly not! The Secretary might have been a thousand times her friend of old, she should claim no such favor as that of him. All the less because the General was her dear husband's companion in arms so long ago, would she ask him to do the pleasure of this person who had dealt so cruel a blow to her husband's daughter. And Mrs. Ansterstay went to bed, and to sweet dreams of revenge.

No, they were not sweet. Revenge was something foreign to that nature of hers. But why call it revenge? Was it more than punishment? Or why call it punishment? Was it anything but letting Helen Royce alone—letting Helen Royce severely alone? She had said she would never do her any harm, but that she would never do her any good. Yet, surely, this was doing her harm. Well, then, harm let it be!

But in the morning, the bright October morning, the world all ablaze with gilded and azure glory, Angela came in—the sky no bluer than her eyes, the gold no brighter than her hair. She took up the open letter. "Read it," said her mother. "Oh," said Angela, as she turned the last page, "I hope you can! The General has always said you could ask him nothing he would refuse. It would be so sad to have the poor Lieutenant off there! And poor Helen, she wasn't made for that hard life; she is like a gorgeous butterfly; what a splendid creature she will look in that Nile green and silver, with her great black eyes, her fair skin, and her rich color and deep dimples! I always thought I should like to paint her."

"Angela," said her mother, "you are an angel!"

And so Mrs. Ansterstay wrote her old friends, with whom she had always a good degree of influence, both on account of their affection for her husband and of their remembrance of herself, and she asked that Lieutenant Royce might be given the post he desired, and asked it as the strong wish of Angela, for the General had been Angela's godfather. Possibly she would have been a little more than human if she had not felt—not elated, no, not pleased, but not disappointed, when they wrote back that this time they must refuse her request. The General wrote another letter saying it was time Angela made her début in Washington, and she must come on and dance with his houseful of girls, and Mrs. General should give them a ball, and he would open it with Angela. Mrs. Ansterstay put that letter aside, but the others she sent to Helen. She knew, of course, that those in authority knew best the exigencies of the service, and she contented herself with thinking that if Helen wished to see her husband the great soldier, the popular General, the chosen President after war, frontier service, with its dangers and discipline and daring, was better for him than drawing-room service with its lixiviating pleasures.

"Angela," said the minister, as they stood together under the grape-vine of the arbor pulling th last stray sweet grapes, "when you and I are married—" He stopped and gazed about him like one waking from a dream. "I mean," said he—"I didn't mean—"

"Didn't you mean that?" said Angela, simply.

There were no glasses over his eyes just then, only a light of great gladness in them. And I don't know how it happened, but Angela was in the minister's arms.

"When we take our wedding journey," he said, as they came out of the arbor some time afterward—

"It will be down to the foot of this dear garden and back again," said Angela.

"It will be to the North Cape," said the minister.

"To the North Cape!" cried Angela. "Oh!"

"To all the splendors of sea and sky, with sunset melting into sunrise, like some sweet life that, sinking here, rises in heaven. I cannot think of any journey that so symbolizes the beginning of new life, of eternal light and love."

"If it were possible!" half sighed Angela.

"The North Cape," said the minister. "Then we will cross to St. Petersburg, and go down to Constantinople, and up to Venice. In Paris I can make the researches I have to make during the winter, while you are studying with your master. And your mother will come over, and we will take a run down into Spain, and another into England, and into Switzerland; and later, the next winter, along the Riviera to Florence, to Rome, to Naples, to Sicily. We will go up the Nile, and across to the Holy Land. And if we go down the Suez Canal afterward, and so to India, and have a glimpse of the Taj, and up through the Flowery Kingdom and Japan, and across to San Francisco, why then we shall be quite ready to settle down in this old garden, and make the rest of our journeys to the foot of it and back again."

"It is a cloud-capped vision," said Angela. "If one could make it real! But, do you know, I think I should be as happy here at home with you."

"Angela," said the minister, looking about his feet for the glasses that had fallen off again, "do men marry angels?"

"Never!" said Angela. "They marry the women that love them. Women sometimes marry angels, though—the sons of God, you know, who found the daughters of men fair; angels who see through a glass darkly."

THE ADVICE OF OUR RELATIONS.

THE looker-on heaved a sigh. "That is a great subject," she said.

"It is," replied the astute person, "that is why I have chosen it."

"It is a subject which will appeal to every one," continued the looker-on.

"To every one who has relations," completed the astute one. "That is why it is great. Now, in analyzing this great subject, it appears to me that the advice of our relations possesses peculiar characteristics, distinguishing it from the advice of other people."

"It does, it does," murmured the first.

"In the first place it is more abundant—"

"It is, it is!"

"It is continuous: our relations are always with us, so to speak. They have opportunities, possessed by no one else, of seeing when, in their opinion, advice would be opportune, and when it would be beneficial. They think they know all our circumstances; are sure they understand our dispositions and inclinations perfectly; and that, for these reasons, their advice has enormous value."

"But," timidly from the on-looker, "do you know, I sometimes think—"

"Wait until I have finished," sternly from the astute person. "There is a final touch of aggravation yet from the advice of our relations. Many of them cherish a sincere affection for us, and urge that for this reason their advice is entirely disinterested. This is the worst fallacy of all!"

"Why, don't you think—" stammered the looker-on, astonished.

"Certainly I don't," briskly responded the astute. "If they love us as well as they profess, their advice is more loving than just. If they are more intent on family pride than our happiness, their advice is more severe than kind. In any case it is not entirely disinterested."

The looker-on seemed dazed.

"That is the stand the adviser takes, I know, and *you* know as well as any one else who has to bear it the consequent painful position of the advisee. He cannot resent or ignore the voice of his relations when it is raised in friendly counsel or warning. He has to pay a decent respect to their opinions, often to make a show of following them.

"Now, in point of fact, our relations often know far less about our actual governing circumstances and inward predilections than the veriest stranger. Our relations, often the closest, have preconceived or one-sided conceptions of us, which nothing short of a convulsion of nature would make them change. A stranger would modify his ideas about us quickly. Relations never do. They believe they comprehend our wants far better than we do ourselves, and they sometimes say so."

"There is much truth in that," said the on-looker, sadly.

"Oh, I tell you," cried the astute woman, "if you are anxious to be made thoroughly miserable, listen to the advice of a well-meaning, kind-hearted, amiable relative, of either sex or any degree. The more affectionate and conscientious woman you are, the worse that relation is going to make you feel. Whether you follow the advice or not, you will wish you had never been born. While you listen your heart sinks, as you perceive how little the adviser knows about the matter or about you. I've had relations for many years," concluded the astute person, desperately, "and *I know!*"

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

"X. X. X."—Leave the crêpe de Chine skirt separate from the silk foundation. Gore front and side breadths slightly, and trim with a great ruche at foot of crêpe edged with narrow white lace—Valenciennes or guipure. Use cherry-colored or petunia crape for sleeves and yoke. Do not line with crinoline, as it will destroy the soft folds of the crape. Serge skirts will be gored closely at top in front and sides and straight in back, or else they will be cut circular, like that of the "Gown with Bolero Jacket and Spiral Skirt Trimming," illustrated on page 661 of *Bazar* No. 34. Add some black chiffon in accordion-pleated ruffles to a silk dress for a widow to wear at dinners, etc. Fill a cotton-cloth bag with ordinary bran, and use it in the bath-tub.

C. A. C.—Monsignor Satolli's name is pronounced as Sah-toll'-lee.

L. S. A.—You will find a charming model for your autumn wool dress in the "Gown with Bolero Jacket and Spiral Skirt Trimming" in *Bazar* No. 32. If you conclude to have black serge, you can keep it all black, or else add green or petunia red for the trimming. If you have brown sacking, trim it with green in the way shown in the illustration, or else with black satin.

A. B. C.—Low small dishes of decorated china or of cut glass are used for bonbons, and longer low dishes for celery. Fluted bowls are liked for salads. Webb glass vases of green and gold, white and gold, or violet-tinted are pretty for flowers. Cut-glass vases and those of silver are very effective on the table.

ELLEN R.—Two articles written recently by Mrs. Herrick will be useful to you in the care of your complexion. One, called "What Face-Steaming Does," was given in *Bazar* No. 21; a second, called "Some Facial Blemishes," treats of freckles, sunburn, moles, and blackheads, in *Bazar* No. 23.

LISE.—A dark purplish-red shade will be both stylish and becoming to you. Get dotted satin, or one with a small brocaded design closely wrought all over it in vines, branches, olives, or else in bayadere stripes. Use striped crossway satin for a waist, with wool for sleeves and skirt if you like—as black and red bayadere-striped satin for a round waist, with either red or black plain cloth or satin for mutton-leg sleeves and a gored skirt; then put a border of the stripes on the skirt as trimming. A small felt hat, black, with the brim turned up and faced with velvet, and trimmed with satin *choux*, will be appropriate.

HARRIETTE L.—Get mixed silk and wool stuff in brown or reddish-puce shades dotted and striped with another color. Make with a coat-basque full below the waist in the back, with revers fronts opening on a vest of ribbed silk. Have mutton-leg sleeves and a gored skirt. Little girls of five years wear colored dresses of gingham, lawn, foulard, or wool made with a round waist, belted, and trimmed with a bertha frill. Low-necked dresses for guimpes are made in this way, and also those high in the neck, the latter being shirred around below the collar. The straight full skirt falls just over the knee.

MONA G.—Coats with full basque back will be worn in the autumn, and these will vary from short to medium lengths. The round waists will, however, be very generally worn, and the short pointed waist also. Make the latter, and trim with revers curving over the shoulders and tapering to a point in front and back. Trim the revers with bands of black satin or velvet. Make the skirt plain with eight or ten rows of stitching around the foot.

H. G.—Make your handsome black silk with a round waist nearly seamless, with revers fronts of satin opening on a full vest of beaded chiffon. Have a circular basque of satin edged with jet sewed to the waist. The collar should be of jetted chiffon, and the mutton-leg sleeves should be banded with satin and jet. Have a gored skirt quite plain, if you like, or with three small circular frills of satin below the hips.

MRS. VERDANT GREEN.—Wear a bonnet and calling costume to a church wedding.

OLD SUBSCRIBER.—A black satin gown for a September bride should be made with a round waist to which a circular basque is sewed. Have revers fronts trimmed with jet opening on black accordion-pleated mousseline de soie that is crossed with cream guipure insertions. Make the skirt with gored front and sides, and full round pleats in the back. Trim with three narrow circular ruffles in a group about the hips, as you are slender.

MRS. S. H.—Write to the Secretary of the Society of Colonial Dames for information about its object and eligibility to membership.

CONSTANT READER.—For whitening the skin read Mrs. Herrick's article on "What Face-Steaming Does" in *Bazar* No. 21.

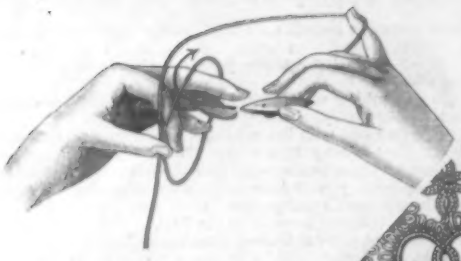


Fig. 2.—First Knot of Double Stitch.—[See Fig. 3.]

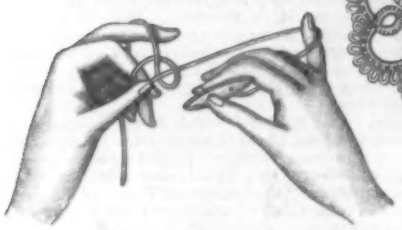


Fig. 3.—Tightening First Knot of Double Stitch.

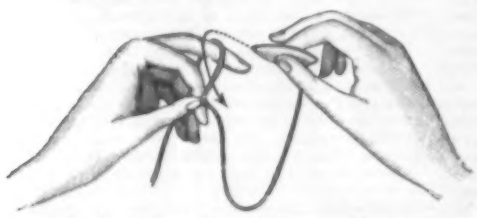


Fig. 4.—Second Knot of Double Stitch.

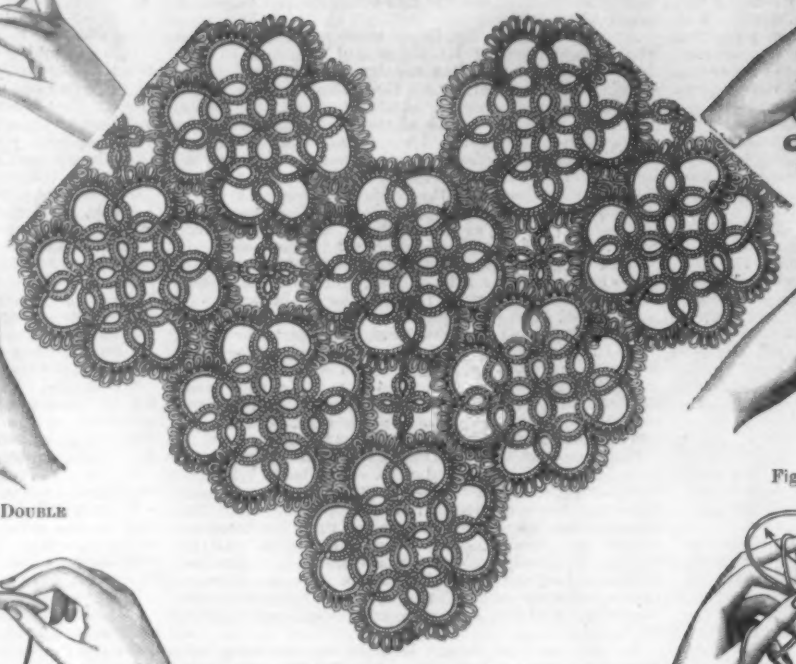


Fig. 1.—Handkerchief Border in Tatting. [See Figs. 2–7.]

Fig. 5.—Making the Purl.

Fig. 6.—Connecting to Purl.

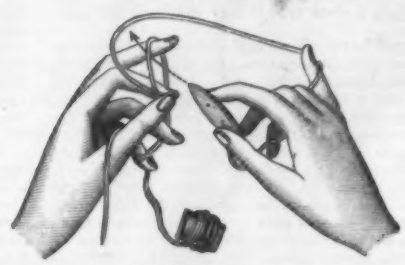


Fig. 7.—Adding Second Thread.

Border for Scarf Ends.

THIS border forms a novel and effective finish for the ends of étamine (scrim) scarfs. It is composed of moulds of various shapes and sizes covered with crochet in cream cotton to match the scrim. The open centre of the moulds are filled in with lace stitches done with the needle, forming wheels and spiders or darned network. The covered moulds are tacked together, and the border is applied on the scrim, which is cut away from underneath as illustrated. When covering the moulds work a row in single crochet around first, ending with a slip stitch on the first single, then turn the work and crochet a slip stitch on the back mesh of each single.

Fig. 1.—Table Mat.—Flat Stitch Embroidery.—[See Figs. 2 and 3.]

For design and description see No. VIII. on pattern-sheet Supplement.

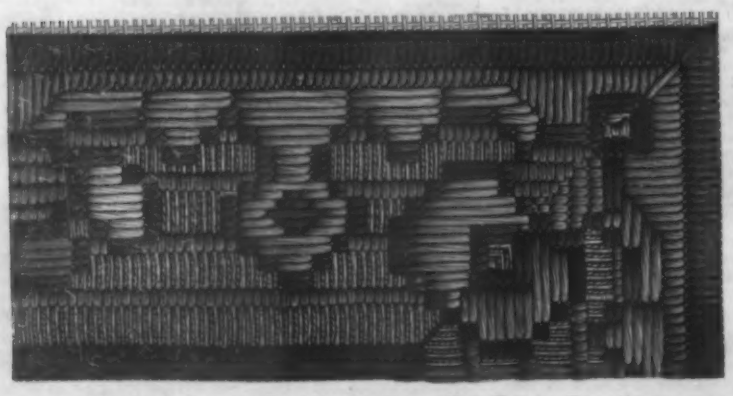


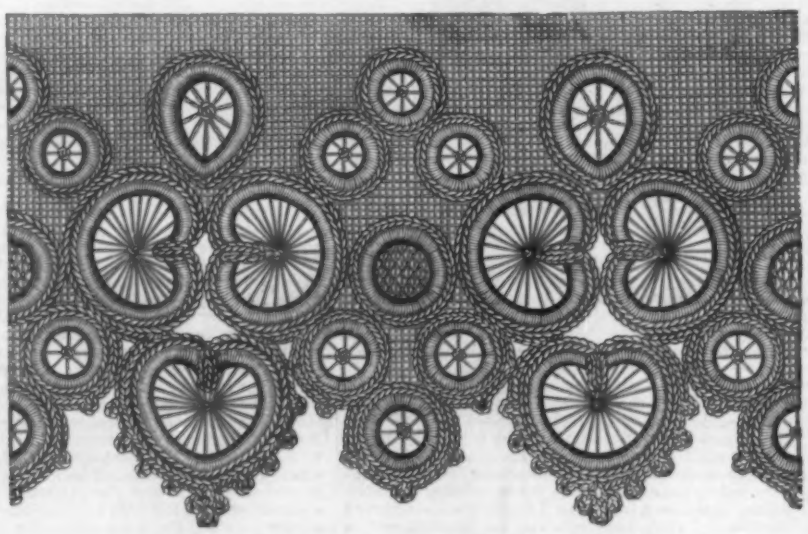
Fig. 3.—Section of Border for Table Mat, Fig. 1.—Full Size.

Directions for Tatting.

TATTING, after a long season of retirement, is latterly coming into favor again. Possibly it follows in the train of the general revival of "grandmother" styles, or perhaps its renewal is only a natural consequence of the modern interest in all sorts of lacework. As a manual occupation it has some minor advantages not shared by either embroidery, knitting, or crochet. It is very simple and portable, capable of being carried about in the pocket, and can be taken up at odd moments, and thrown aside again without ripping or disarranging. When once the stitch has been thoroughly mastered the work makes no great demands on either the eyesight or attention, as may be inferred from its French name of *frivolité*. Skilful tatters depend almost as much on their feeling as sight in the work. The product, although fragile and lacelike in appearance, is very durable.

The implements are few and simple, the principal one being the small shuttle of bone or ivory on which the thread is wound, and the only other the tatting-pin, which is nothing more than an abbreviated crochet needle, attached for convenience to a chain and ring, the latter to be slipped either over the thumb of the left hand or the little finger of the right, as best suits the worker. The pin is not a necessity; a crochet needle or an ordinary pin can be made to answer: it is used to draw out the loops of thread by which the parts of the pattern are connected.

The pattern in tatting is mainly composed of rings or ovals, formed of with a single thread by working knots around a loop of itself. When scallops or straight lines occur in the pattern a second thread must be added, and used as a foundation. In this respect modern tatting is an improvement on the older work, which was all done with a single thread, and consequently very limited in its patterns. The purl, otherwise picot, is a loop introduced between the knots, which adds much to its lightness and lacelike effect.



Edging for Scrim Scarfs, etc.—Crochet on Moulds.

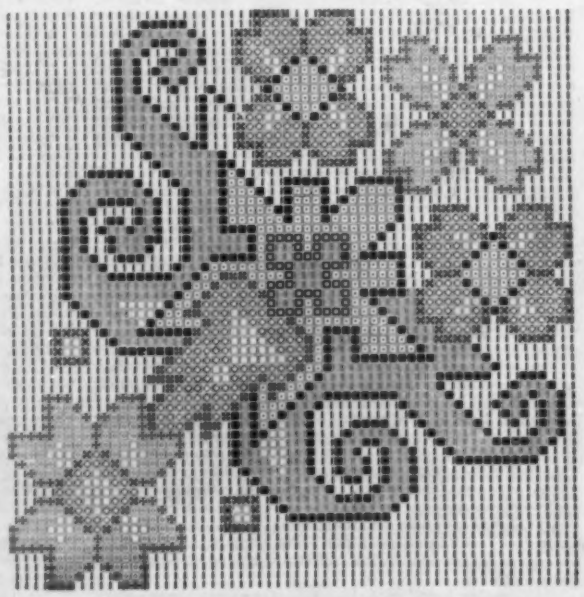


Fig. 2.—Working Pattern for Centre of Table Mat, Fig. 1.

Key to Types: ▣ Dark, ■ Light, Olive; ▦ Dark, ▩ Medium, ▨ Light, Bronze; □ Gold; ▲ Dark, ▵ Light, Gray-Blue; ● Dark, ○ Light, Old-Rose; · Ground.

Fig. 1.—Mourning Bonnet.

Mourning Cape and Hat.
For diagram and description see pattern-sheet Supplement.

Fig. 2.—Mourning Bonnet.

Fig. 1.—Mourning Dress.
For pattern and description see No. I. on pattern-sheet Supplement.

Fig. 2.—Crape-trimmed Serge Gown.

Fig. 3.—Mourning Frock for Girl from 8 to 10 Years old.
For pattern and description see No. IV. on pattern-sheet Supplement.

The stitch or knot of tatting is called double stitch because it is made in two movements; when only one of the movements is used, as is done occasionally, it is called a half-stitch. Figs. 2, 3, and 4 show the steps of forming a double stitch. Hold the shuttle horizontally in the right hand, letting the thread hang from the inner edge on the right side. Take the end of the thread between finger and thumb of the left hand, put the thread up around the four fingers, and catch it again between finger and thumb. Slip the shuttle under the loop thread (see Fig. 2), the latter passing between the shuttle and the forefinger of the right hand and back between the shuttle and thumb, and bring it quickly out between the first and second fingers of the left hand; jerk the shuttle thread toward the right, tightening the thread, so that the knot will be formed not of the shuttle thread, but of the loop itself (see Fig. 3); stretch out the loop again with the left hand, and draw the knot up close to the thumb while the shuttle thread is tightened with the right hand. For the second part or movement (see Fig. 4), bring the shuttle back over the left hand with its thread hanging downwards, passing the loop under the shuttle between it and the thumb, and back between the first finger and the shuttle, drop the loop, jerk, and draw up as before. When enough stitches are made draw the loop up to form an oval; the stitches, as has been said, must be formed of the loop thread around the shuttle thread as a foundation, on which they move freely to and fro. To make a purl (see Fig. 5), form the next double stitch a quarter of an inch from the last; when pushed close the connecting thread forms a loop, which is the purl. To connect to a purl (see Fig. 6), the loop thread of which the knots are formed is drawn in a loop through the purl with the tatting-pin, the shuttle is passed through the loop, and the latter tightened. To add the second thread to make a scallop (see Fig. 7), take the end of the new thread between thumb and forefinger of the left hand, guide the thread over the back of the hand, and wind it once around the little finger for security, and around this loop work the shuttle thread as previously, forming the knots of the loop thread. When a scallop is completed the added thread is simply dropped until required again.

To work the handkerchief border Fig. 1, which is composed of two rows of rosettes with small figures in the interspaces, work for the centre of a rosette 4 rings, each with 18 double stitches with a purl between the middle 2, then tie the beginning and end of the thread in a weaver's knot. Hereupon take up a second thread; * first work a ring like those preceding with the first thread, but instead of making a purl connect to that of one of the preceding rings, then × turn the work, turning the preceding ring downward, close to it work a scallop with both threads composed of 12 knots each separated from the next by a purl, turn, a ring like the preceding one and connecting to the same purl; repeat once from ×, then repeat 3 times from *; finally tie the beginning and end of both threads in a weaver's knot. There are 48 such rosettes in the border, connected to one another as illustrated. For the small figures in the interstices work close together 4 rings of 12 double stitches each, connecting between the middle 2 knots to the middle 2 purls on the side of the nearest rosette.

A pretty simple edging in tatting is illustrated in BAZAR No. 48 of last year's volume.

Mourning Dress.

See illustration on page 701.

THE dress illustrated is of serge with English crape trimming. Six bias folds of crape of graduated width form a deep trimming on the skirt. The plain bodice, which enters the skirt, opens on a crape guimpe with a deep bertha of crape falling over the edge.

Mourning Bonnets.

See illustrations on page 701.

THE bonnet Fig. 1 is a small capote smoothly covered with English crape, and trimmed with three series of narrow folds forming points, which are wired; the third point is turned backward, and between it and the one in front a crape rosette is placed. The crape veil is thirty inches wide and a yard long, including the hem; it is taken cornerwise, with the upper corner folded as illustrated. The short strings are of crape. The bonnet Fig. 2 has nine narrow milliners' folds around the front, and crape strings and bow. The veil, which covers the entire back behind the folds, is of crape twenty-eight inches wide, and is two yards and an eighth long; it is hemmed at each end, folded lengthwise, and draped on the bonnet as illustrated.

THE PLAYERS OF MODERN WHIST.

"HOW many cards in a pack, Aunt Priscilla?" queried a young rogue of his Quaker aunt.

"Fifty-two," promptly replied the capped and kerchiefed clerk of the Concord Quarterly Meeting, which serves to show how general at the present time is the knowledge of cards and card-playing.

Besides the general knowledge, however, a deal of particular study exists in this respect. Witness the modern game of whist. Compare its rudimentary forms of the Hoyle era, and the less simple but still imperfect types of the Pole epoch, with the present complex standards insisted on in the nineteenth edition of Cavendish, and which show a late and rapid evolution. Then, too, that more striking because more suddenly developed distinction, the present players of the game.

In former times, with but comparatively few exceptions, good whist was acknowledged to be the peculiar privilege of men. Within the past two years, however, numbers of women, of all sorts and conditions of mental calibre, have sought the seclusion of the card-room, have gracefully taken possession of the card-table, and have voluntarily surrendered themselves to the quiet but very certain delights of truly scientific play. As a result, we have a charming if surprising being, who, having the leisure to acquaint herself with all whist philosophy, and the desire to perfect herself in all whist practice, is quite often able to vanquish veterans once thought—by themselves, as well as by others—invulnerable in the art. No longer is Mrs. Battle the sole feminine advocate of "a clean hearth, a good fire, and the rigor of the game." We now boast hundreds of intelligent women who, in club vernacular, play "a rattling good game." Indeed, beloved as is Mrs. Battle, she is but a generic type, not an individual genius, and under existing conditions we may before long see her supplanted by a Madame Deschappelles, or a Mrs. "Cavendish" at least.

And apropos of Mrs. Battle and her kind, has not modern whist accepted certain innovations that, if not wholly displeasing, would at least astonish her? Fancy the dear old lady's attitude toward "duplicate whist," that method by which the best players nowadays score their points. Here and there a conservative mind still holds out against it, but its merits for determining individual prowess are steadily gaining ground, and, according to the latest advices, the invention and manufacture of "the man from Kalamazoo" has found favor with London clubs as well as with those of Boston and New York.

How would Mrs. Battle regard the "plain suit echo," and "American leads," and the "eleven card rule"? Would these now unquestioned belongings of whist science have been included in the "rigor" of her game? At all events, she would surely feel a sort of professional pride in the honorable stand that so many of her sex have taken among the players of modern whist.

FRENCH HOUSEHOLD ECONOMY.

THE other day, at a matinée at the Odéon, I heard a lecture by M. Gustave Larroumet, of the Sorbonne, on Molière's *L'Avare*, the play subsequently given. Lectures of this sort are a regular feature of the Odéon Thursday matinées, and this classic theatre is thus made a school not of culture only, but of morals. However, it is not of the theatre I want to write, but of a subject which M. Larroumet's lecture and the play itself naturally suggested.

It would be a great injustice to say that Molière's miser, or any miser whatever, is either a true illustration or a natural development of the French genius for economy. Doubtless it is true, as M. Larroumet remarked, that the French people have a natural weakness for "the woollen stocking," a tendency toward hoarding, which makes the miser more intelligible to them than he is to us, and probably more frequent among them. At least so I thought when I observed the thorough sympathy, tinged indeed with humor, with which the audience at the Odéon entered into the emotions, the struggles, and the sorrows of Harpagon, the miser *par excellence* of all literature.

Economy enters so truly into the very fibre of the French character that it seems to be fundamental to nearly all phases of French manners. Many small social customs may be traced to it—for example, the canon that it is bad form to leave anything on one's plate, especially when one intends to partake of a succeeding dish. More important is it to trace to the genius for economy the position which wives hold with respect to the family finances, and therefore with relation to their husbands. The contrast between the financial position of wives in France and in America, for example, is very marked, and I think it is a superficial view which attributes the difference to the dower which as a matter of course the French woman brings with her into her husband's family. The dower may count for something; it surely does not explain all.

Generations before female emancipation was so much as dreamed of the French wife was the administrator of the family finances, and she is so still. In the ages when brute force, and a good deal of it, went both to the winning and the guarding of property, it was not to be expected that a man should use the strength which was his glory in such trivial matters as keeping accounts and regulating expenditures, or in acquiring those arts of reading and writing which were otherwise quite useless. Such work was eminently suited to the weaker sex. This was, in fact, the state of things not in France only, but throughout the civilized world; but in other countries, not being rooted in national character, it gave way before changing conditions; in France it was abiding. From the woman who on Saturdays drives her well-filled cart to the little market square before the church in this pretty Parisian suburb, leaving her husband at home to spread manure and dig the ground, while, with an astuteness he could never hope to equal, she converts the products of their half-acre into money and lays the money out to the best advantage (not forgetting to reserve four sous for her good man's pocket-money, and a few more for "the woollen stocking"), or the pretty young wife who sits at the receipt of custom in the shop at the corner, taking orders for wood and charcoal, which her husband shortly carries home in a sack on his sturdy back, all the way to Madame downstairs, who keeps the bank-book and takes charge of the financial side of Monsieur's professional work, attending to investments, and carrying alone, through all grades of the industrial world, the responsibility of success, it is the woman who is the economist, the responsible person—the head, in short; the man who is the hand, the strength, the mechanical force of the copartnership. The influence of this is felt in all circles. Even in those upper spheres where the wife has no responsibility in her husband's money matters, she yet has a financial freedom which is far from general among American wives, pampered and indulged as many of them are. The French wife does not ask her husband for money as a favor, nor demand it as a right, she takes it as a matter of course. Will she spend it wisely? Such a question would never occur to any husband. Of course she will.

Economy, being genuine and thorough, includes all lesser considerations in the general purpose of making the most of everything. Economy forbids the wife of a man in moderate circumstances to do anything in which brains and knowledge and personality do not count for something. That awful waste of fine material, the woman not of the laboring class who "does her own work," is unknown in France. This is not to be explained by the fact that servants in France are plenty and good, while in America they are scarce and inefficient. But there is a deeper reason than the character of French servants for the undeniable fact that the French house-mother does not work with her hands except at such avocations as require some degree of intelligence and special knowledge.

I have a friend, the wife of a teacher in the government schools, who has three small children, and of course only one maid. The maid would be paralyzed with astonishment should her mistress polish the children's shoes, or sew on the buttons, or brush her own dresses. That she should make the ragout would be natural enough, for that is a work of skill, and she cannot afford the services even of a skilled maid of all work. But I cannot imagine the emergency in which she would wash a dish or lift a piece of coal. Her servant, however, is not overworked. She has plenty of time to go out with the children, to help her mistress at her toilet, and to do a thousand things which we should never ask a maid of all work to do. But this is because Madame G—— has carefully adjusted her style of living to the powers of a single servant. It would never occur to her, by overworking herself and her maid, to make things appear as if she had two. She herself is called upon for a good deal of head-work under the circumstances, a careful administration of means, a close adjustment of household duties; but with her hands she does little more than if she had a whole retinue of servants.

She is never overtaxed, because she never lives beyond her income of strength any more than of money. Her table, her wardrobe, her children's clothes, her hospitalities, demand no more of either than she honestly feels that she can afford. Many a mother, indeed, is "vaillante," active, energetic, earnest, making the family income go further than her neighbor might do, because she is strong, full of life, full of energy, and her economic instinct urges her to make the most of life as a whole; but the same instinct forbids a delicate woman to overtax her strength. It goes without saying that women like this have long ago learned that mere show which does not contribute to genuine comfort does not pay.

Willing as we all are to take lessons in cooking from France, there are secrets in the use of raw materials from which we still foolishly turn away our eyes. For example, there is a fortune waiting for the woman who shall have the courage and the business tact to put the *boudin* upon the American table. To do this she must first, however, devise a name for it less brutal than the old English one. If I had known, the first time I ate that glorified sausage, that its English name was blood-pudding, I should certainly not have taken it on my plate. However, I am convinced that that widow, having a family to support, who shall have the courage to set herself down beside a Chicago pork-packing establishment and convert a part of its refuse into the delicious viand for which she will have found a fitting name, with the business ability necessary to get it upon the market, may give her children the best education our country affords, and wear velvet and diamonds all her declining years if she so pleases.

There is an unlovely side, doubtless, in French household economy—the side that squints toward the "woollen stocking," that is sparing in water and clean linen, hesitating in hospitality, content with antiquated implements and inadequate sanitary conveniences, and niggardly of fresh air in winter because it has to be warmed. The legend that to open the window at night is to court blindness may be traced to this phase of economy. The French, like other folk, have the faults of their qualities. A true cosmopolitanism, I suppose, would lead us to study the good qualities of every people, without fear of being led into the faults toward which we have no natural propensity.

LOUISE SEYMOUR HOUGHTON.

A CLEVER ANSWER.

THE Germans are not only an intensely philosophical race, but they are most humorous at times as well. When Gutzkow had brought out his famous novel, *Die Ritter vom Geiste* ("The Knight of the Spirit"), he received from a wealthy lady, whose acquaintance he had made a short time before, a letter, unstamped, to the following effect: "As she was fortunate enough to enjoy the personal acquaintance of the celebrated author, she was naturally anxious to see his latest work; but having tried in vain to obtain it from the different booksellers in her town, she requested the esteemed writer to *lend* her the novel for a short time, and send it to the enclosed address."

Gutzkow saw the truth of the matter at a glance, and replied as follows:

"DEAR MADAM.—In the town where you reside there appears to be a lack of all sorts of things which are easily procurable elsewhere. Not only my recent work in all the book-shops in which it is applied for, but also the postage-stamps for letters. I have in my possession, it is true, the book which you desire to obtain, as also the stamps to pay its carriage; but, to my regret, I am without the necessary string to make it into a parcel. If you can supply me with a piece I am at your service. Yours, very respectfully,

"K. G."

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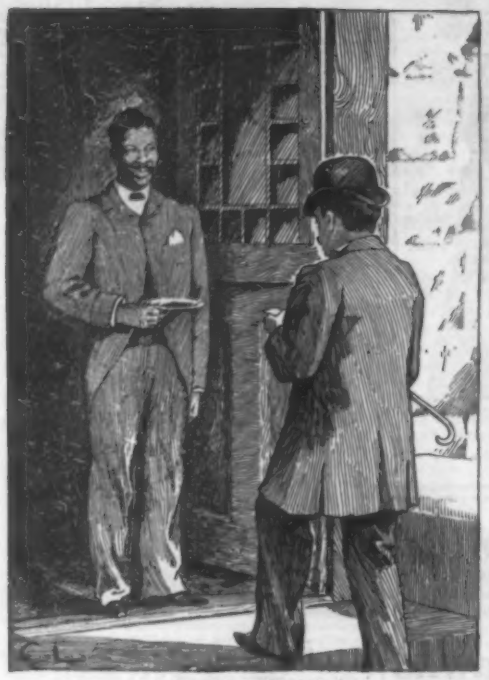

A FAMILY TREASURE.

HICKS. "JOVE! I CAME NEAR GIVING YOU ONE OF MR. BARTON'S CARDS INSTEAD OF MY OWN."
CÆSAR. "DAT'S ALL RIGHT, SAH. EF YO' SEN' UP MR. BARTON'S CARD, MISS POLLY SHO' TO COME DOWN."

AN APPARENT INJUSTICE.

MOLLIE had been to church for the first time, and on her return home her grandmother asked her what she thought of it.

"I liked it very much," she replied, "but there was one thing I didn't think was fair."

"What was that, dear?"

"Why, one man did all the work, and then another man came around and got all the money."

"My! Jingleberry, what a gash you have in your cheek!"

"It is pretty bad."

"How did you get it?"

"Shaving."

"You must have an idiot for a barber."

"Don't you call me an idiot."

"I didn't."

"Yes, you did. I shave myself!"

"Ten dollars!" roared the Judge.

"No money," replied the prisoner.

"Ten days!" cried his honor.

"I haven't 'em now," replied the prisoner. "But if your honor will wait about a fortnight, I shall have some in."

ENCOURAGING.

"Will you be true to me at the sea-shore, Maud?"

"Yes, Charlie dear. I won't get engaged to any other man without letting you know."

"Mamma," said Willie, "that little French boy at the hotel is awfully stupid, I think."

"Why? I thought he was rather a bright boy."

"Well, he isn't. He don't even know a pig when he sees one. We saw one to-day, and he insisted it was a *cochon*, when it was just as plain a pig as ever was."

"Parker seems to have got rich all of a sudden."

"Yes. He caused it to be reported that he was dead, and all the papers printed obituary notices of him. He got all these together, and instituted suits for libel against the publishers. They compromised, and Parker's living on velvet in consequence."

"Well, Jarley, how does your suit with Miss Jibway progress?"

"Oh, that's off."

"Didn't you ask her?"

"Yes."

"Did she say no?"

"No."

"Refer you to her father?"

"No. Referred me to Wilkins."

"What has Wilkins to do with it?"

"She's engaged to him."

"I wonder where grandpa gets all his money from?" said Tommy.

"I think he gets it from the Sunday-schools," replied Bobbie. "We take up collections for the orphans every month, and grandpa's one."

"Help! help!" cried the bather. "I'm drowning! Toss me a line."

"I haven't got a line," shouted the man on shore, "but if you'll keep up five minutes, I'll run up to the hotel and get my swimmer's manual. It 'll tell you what to do in a case of this kind."

But it was not necessary. A kindly wave came along and washed the bather ashore in safety.

In this age of freaks and oddities
Not even Nature fails
To do her share, and sends to us
A comet with two tails!

"Madam," said the tramp, "can't you give me some work to do?"

"Yes. There's some coal I want brought up out of the cellar."

"Thanks, madam, but I don't like to do that. I am unkempt, and my hands are dirty. I should be sorry to soil your coal."

AN AFRICAN BRIDGE.

THE ONE DAY.

"I've saved up quite a tidy sum," said Rural unto me.
"I've worked for fifty-seven years upon the land and sea,
And now I've got a thousand cash to spend on rest and play;
I think I'll go to town with it and have one pleasant day."

And so he came to town with his one thousand dollars gold;
He lived like any millionaire; he spent his money bold.
He had one day in all his store from carking care all free,
Spent what he had, and then went back as happy as could be.

And truly, as I look at him, back there upon his farm,
Once more without a penny, yet serene in his right arm
To toss his hay and sow his wheat, beginning life again,
He seems to be far more content than many richer men.

LAWYER. "And now please state the remainder of the conversation between you and the defendant."

WITNESS. "I do not remember it, sir. The substance of it escapes me."

LAWYER (*witheringly*). "Never mind the substance of it. Tell us the words, and I fancy the jury will have the intelligence to get at the substance."

FARMER MEDDERS. "Here I been an' paid fur a college eddication fur ye, an' what on earth good are ye—ye durned wuthless, lazy, conceited, loafin' dude? What *did* ye larn to college, anyway?"

GRADUATE. "Well, this for one thing (*yelling*): Hoopla! hoorah! zip! rip! bang! ninety-three-three-three! K. M. G. Sclah!"

FARMER MEDDERS (*delighted*). "Well, begosh, a college eddication is wuth suthin'. I'm goin' ter town ter-morrer ter peddle vegetables, an' I'll take ye along ter holler."

"Civilization is ruining my business," said the museum-keeper. "The supply of wild men is getting so low, I hardly know where to look for them."

MERELY A SUGGESTION.

"Where is old Dawson this morning?" asked the railway president, noticing the absence of the veteran bookkeeper.

"Home; sick," said the vice-president. "Poor old fellow! I don't believe he'll ever get over this attack."

"That's too bad," sighed the president. "He has been a very valuable man to us, Dawson has. He's been with us twenty years, and I don't believe he's missed a day."

"That's so," said the vice-president. "He has literally worn himself out in our service. If he dies, I think the road ought to do something for his widow."

"So do I," said the president. "What would you suggest?"

"I really don't know," said the vice-president, "unless perhaps—er—"

"Well? Go on. What?"

"We might give her a pass over our road to the World's Fair."

"Please give me a nickel to buy me some bread,"
Said the poor little lad with the curly head.
"I have only a five-dollar bill," said I.
"Oh, I can change that," was the beggar's reply.

"My wife will bear witness," said the prisoner at the bar, "that at the very time I am accused of burglarizing Mr. Smith's premises I was engaged in walking the floor with my infant child in my arms, endeavoring to soothe it by singing 'Rock-a-by baby.'"

"The prisoner is discharged," remarked his honor. "He can prove a lullaby!"

"And this maid—is she truthful?" asked the lady of the reference.

"Very. That is why I discharged her. She wouldn't tell people I was out when I was in."

"Suppose you wanted to propose marriage to a girl, Jarley; what would you ask her first?"

"If we were alone."

"Yo' George Washington Snowball, come right in outen de sun," screamed a negro mamma to her child.

"Whaffur, mamma?"

"Whaffur? I'll tell yo' whaffur! Fust thing yo' know, yo' complexion 'll be tanned as bad as de white trash."

A GOOD REASON.

"MAMMA, I DON'T THINK THAT LAMP SHADE OUGHT TO BE MADE LIKE A SKIRT."
"WHY NOT, DEAR?"
"BECAUSE LITTLE GIRLS WEAR SKIRTS AND LITTLE GIRLS DON'T SMOKE."

NOT THE SAME.

The prettiest girl on the hotel piazza rushed up to the new-comer, holding out both hands.

"Oh, Mr. Foster," she cried, "I am *so* glad to see you!"

"Why, Miss Burton," said the young man, "I thought you had forgotten all about me. I met you several times last winter, and you passed me by with no sign of recognition."

"Did I?" exclaimed the girl. "How very strange! There must have been something different in your appearance."

"No," he answered; "just the same as I am now."

"So?" cried she. "In the winter, you say? Yes? Well, oh, did you have a white flannel suit?"

"Why, no."

"Russet shoes?"

"Of course not."

"Yachting cap?"

"What! In winter?"

"Don't get alarmed—I wanted to show you that I shouldn't be expected to recognize you when I never saw you in any other costume. You understand, don't you?" she added, sweetly.

"I think I do," was his reply, "but, pardon me, do you think that, on the other hand, you *would* have bowed if I had met you on the Avenue in midwinter wearing that outfit—eh?"

"Is this the Bureau of Information?" said Mrs. Meddergrass to the clerk at the World's Fair grounds.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Then I wish you'd tell me where Silas is. I told that old man of mine he'd get lost, an' now he's gone an' done it."

CUSTOMER. "If you ever send me another piece of meat like the last one, I'll take away my custom."

BUTCHER. "What was the matter with it?"

CUSTOMER. "Why, it was so tough that when it was cooked I couldn't even get my fork into the gravy."

"Johnny, what is the chief product of China?"

"Dishes and wash-basins, ma'am."

A TENDERFOOT.

AT PARTING.

I LOVE her for her angel face,
And who would not?
I love her for a magic grace—
I know not what.
And sometimes she is kind to me,
But yet the breezes of the sea
Are not more changeable than she—
Than Maud Shalott.

Where others laugh I sit apart
In some still spot;
Your voice makes music in my heart
That ceases not;
And through the darkness of the night
Your eyes still shine with tender light,
In many an airy vision bright,
Sweet Maud Shalott.

My darling, may the angels stand
Beside your cot;
And though alone in some far land
I am forgot,
May all the prayers I ever said
Bring down rich blessings on your head—
Bring love and joy when I am dead,
Dear Maud Shalott!

HERBERT MÜLLER HOPKINS.

THE COLLEGE BOY'S ROOM.

THE college boy himself has not begun to think about his room. Later he may develop a taste for china and prints, but at present he is absorbed in devout thankfulness, not unmixed with wonder, over the fact that he has passed his examinations, and won the right to occupy any room at all. Not so with his mother and sisters. Their trivial souls are filled with concern for his sheets and towels, and for the furnishings of that room which is to be his home for the next four years. To them Virgil and Xenophon and conic sections are unconsidered trifles in comparison with the question whether his floor shall be carpeted entirely or have a stained border and a rug, or whether his bookcases shall be portable or built in.

Most women have a tendency to frippery. We have all heard of the woman who furnished a smoking-room for her husband, and tied huge satin bows and pale-tinted silk head-rests over every chair. To most of us the duchesse toilet-table, with its draperies of muslin and lace, represents the height of beauty, and it is with great reluctance that we admit the possibilities of polished wood and sombre upholstery. And so it is very difficult to cast aside our prepossessions, and to bear in mind that for the hard usage of four years furniture and decorations must be substantial rather than showy, and sombre rather than delicate.

The question of walls and wood-work is apt to be settled beforehand. Where repapering is desirable, nothing is better for hard wear than cartridge paper of some quiet tint, clear gray or soft olive or gray-blue. Red, which seems the ideal color for the walls of a study or a library, has the unfortunate property of absorbing all the available light, and on a dark day or in a room with a northern exposure gives a most dismal effect. This stricture does not apply to the paler shades of old red and pink, which make a delightful background for pictures. In the dormitories of some of the older colleges the ceilings are so low as to preclude a frieze. Where one is needed, nothing is better than a width of tapestry paper in dull colors harmonizing with the body tint, and separated from the rest of the wall by a wooden moulding.

For the floor the best choice is a large rug, which will last through the four years and still be capable of much service. It pays in the long-run to buy Eastern rugs. They wear indefinitely, and acquire a delightful tone with age, and no other floor-covering has such an air of substantial elegance. Where their cost is an obstacle, a Smyrna rug is not a bad substitute, and there are numerous varieties of art squares to choose from. The margin may be treated in a number of ways, none of which is more satisfactory than three coats of good floor paint. A finely woven matting is a good ground for rugs, but would probably need renewing inside of four years.

It is to be hoped that the windows are deep enough to allow of cushioned seats, whose covering shall match the heavy curtains, which should fall in straight folds from rings moving easily upon brass rods. For these curtains some plain material is most satisfactory. Chenille comes by the yard in many good tints, and has the merit of fading harmoniously. Heavy English serges are also used, and very beautiful curtains can be made from coarse homespun, in olive or dull red, lining them with Canton flannel, and embroidering them in heraldic designs with tapestry wool. The faithful denim has made its appearance in a very beautiful red, and has infinite durability. Petit point tapestry is inexpensive, and comes in quaint faded colors, that harmonize with almost any scheme of color.

Nothing is more satisfactory than book-shelves built into a recess. The cost is very much less than that of a portable bookcase, and the capacity greater. Where the chimney-piece projects at all, the recesses on either side may be filled with shelves, and an over-mantel built up between them, giving the whole side of the room a distinctive character. In that case the shelves should rise to the height of a foot above the mantel-shelf, and the over-mantel be continued for two feet above them. Shelves and over-mantel should be painted or stained alike. The shelves of the over-mantel may be arranged to enclose a central space to be filled with a picture inserted flatly in place of the usual mirror, or with a square of satin embroidered with the arms of the college. A bronze bass-relief, or a plaster one treated with oil and shellac to give a creamy tint, is also effective.

The number and size of the books to be contained in them will suggest the arrangement of the shelves. Large spaces for magazines and papers protected by a curtain will be found useful, as will a hinged shelf for dictionaries and other heavy books of reference. For a bookcase curtain nothing is better than one of heavy silken stuff, slightly embroidered, and with some appropriate quotation in quaint lettering just above the hem.

The heavy office table with its felt-covered top and numerous drawers has no rival for convenience and stability. Its substantial merits may well blind one to its lack of beauty. It is certainly as artistic as the elaborately carved walnut affair sold for a library table. Fortunate the young collegian who does his writing at an old-fashioned mahogany secretary, and can afford to be indifferent to the solidity of his tables. For it is the fact that most tables are not firm enough for comfort. The heavy oak or mahogany tables, with all their bravery of claw feet and brass mountings, should only be bought after thorough experiment. Whatever the table, let it be uncovered, and have as its only ornament a good lamp, for students' eyes are proverbially weak.

Perhaps the best sort of a couch is a well-castered and lightly made box divan, which will hold extra clothing and bedding. A mattress covered with substantial material, with a generous supply of pillows and an afghan or blanket, make of it a sufficiently luxurious lounging-place. A gayly colored hammock hung across a corner is a fashion just now, and a good one. A rattan couch, painted red or black, is comfortable and serviceable. Any one of the three is preferable to an upholstered sofa. Let the pillows be abundant and soft, and with covers of washable silks or cotton material, which can be taken off and laundered.

No one needs suggestions about chairs. The delightfully comfortable wooden chairs which the furniture factories turn out in such quantities make amends for all the straight-backed and angular ones which afflicted our ancestors, and the reed and rattan ones are as serviceable as they are pretty. Loose cushions for the latter give an air of luxury; the wooden ones are better left alone.

Bric-à-brac should be sparing. One or two bits of bronze, a plaster cast from the antique, an Oriental jar of rich coloring, a pair of handsome candlesticks or a sconce—these are enough for a room that is essentially a work-room. No one can have too many pictures. Prints with wide margins and narrow frames, photographs with heavy frames and no mats, and perhaps one bit of glowing color should find a home on the college boy's walls, not filling them so completely as not to leave room for those pictures having a personal rather than an artistic interest which he will gather from time to time.

We unconsciously assimilate our surroundings, and our college boy shall more surely develop into rounded and symmetrical manhood, and so fulfil the end for which he is sent to college, if during these four impressionable years he is surrounded by harmonious color and beautiful form, and by the suggestion in picture and bronze and porcelain of all the ages of achievement to which he is heir.

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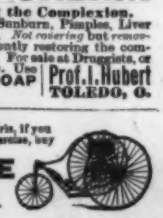

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ELEMENTS · OF FLORAL · DESIGN

V.—THE COMMON USE OF ORNAMENT.

THE most serious fault of which design can be convicted is that of interfering with the uses of the object decorated; as, for instance, the painting of a mirror, which is inexcusable. Make a design for the frame, if you will, but let the mirror itself alone. Its use is to reflect objects, and decorating the surface destroys its usefulness. In nature decoration never interferes with function, though it often corrects some ugliness of form which is a necessity. Nature always puts ornament in the right place and in right quantities.

If home decoration is the aim of the student, the rooms should not be crammed full with unnecessary draperies and gaudy ribbons. Begin from the bare beginning. Look that the walls and ceiling are plain and simple; if they are not so, contrive some means to hide them. Thin gauzy material can be embroidered in a fine gold thread and daintily fastened on; or a frieze can be designed and painted in tasteful colors, on paper or on canvas or other material. A dado gives a fine opportunity for design, the field being covered in a simple plain material with no design. Portières can be made of any plain material, with a design done in a large style, either as a border or entirely covering various spaces (Fig. 1). Window-curtains can have a small and neat border in one color. In everything let simplicity of design and color be the first thought, at least in early attempts. Do not overcrowd the objects; never decorate to interfere with the usefulness of an object; again, consider what purpose decoration is to serve. The decoration of a dining-room would be entirely unsuited to a living or a bed room. The sleeping-room should have more thought expended on it than is often allotted to it. It should be very simple, light, and airy, delicate, and, above all, suited to the person who is to use it. These examples will serve to show that even after all the laws and principles of design are understood, still more remains to be learned in order to properly and successfully apply ornament to objects in common use.

A very prevalent notion is that decoration, involving many of the lesser arts, can be acquired in a few lessons, without any previous training in design. Amateurs especially need to be reminded that decoration is a much more serious matter than they imagine, especially if they wish to dispose of their work to the trade. The trade looks with different eyes from those of friendship, and the amateur often suffers a rude awakening when informed in plain terms that his labor is of not the slightest commercial value. Amateurs begin at the "wrong end" or "too late," and are often too well satisfied with their capacities or too anxious to earn money immediately to willingly admit the truth. There are few, especially among women, who are willing to confine themselves six to ten hours daily, as practical decorators do, to the study of decorative art, and, indeed, they ought to have special talent to justify so doing. But if they have the talent, let them learn the rudiments, study wants and uses, apply decoration with knowledge, strength, and fitness, and success will come both to the professional and the amateur.

Fig. 3.—Natural Lily.

Fig. 5.—Natural Dandelion.

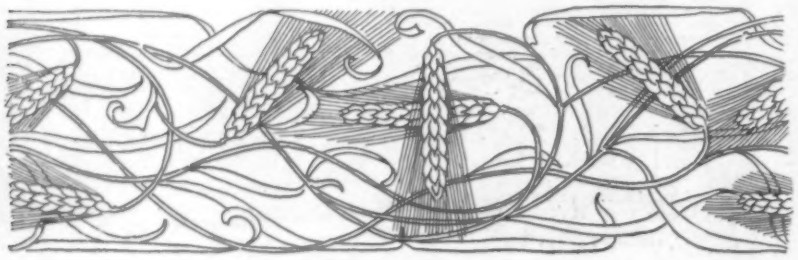

Fig. 1.—Conventional Design of Grass to be done Large.

Fig. 6.—Natural Wild Flower.

make your own fashions, for fashions even when good and tasteful in themselves certainly cannot be so for all alike, each having a different house, with contents in different colors and styles. What is needed most is fitness; beauty comes after—beauty of design and harmony of color. Then,

VI.—TRUTH AND STYLE.

Truth and style, in regard to floral ornament, can be defined in a very few words. Truth is ornament that is done according to principles and laws. Ornament depends upon how it is invented, how the laws have been observed, upon the regard for what is good and what is right. Style is the manner in which work is done, or, in other words, the individuality. A vulgar style betrays a vulgar mind. A vulgar style is worse than a feeble style. All great designers either have or acquire a style of their own, or master an old style and bend it to their will, making it conform to their individuality. To merely imitate any style is to lose truth. To form a correct style, simple, cultured, and beautiful, is to use truth. Therefore, to acquire a correct style begin properly, which is to begin in a very simple way. Ornament should be self-restrained; it should be too little rather than too much. Beginners cannot keep their hands off; they never know when to stop. Nature may run wild in form and color; ornament should never. Nature is restrained by many things; style hinders ornament from running wild. Expression and cultivation show through a

(*Continued on page 708.*)

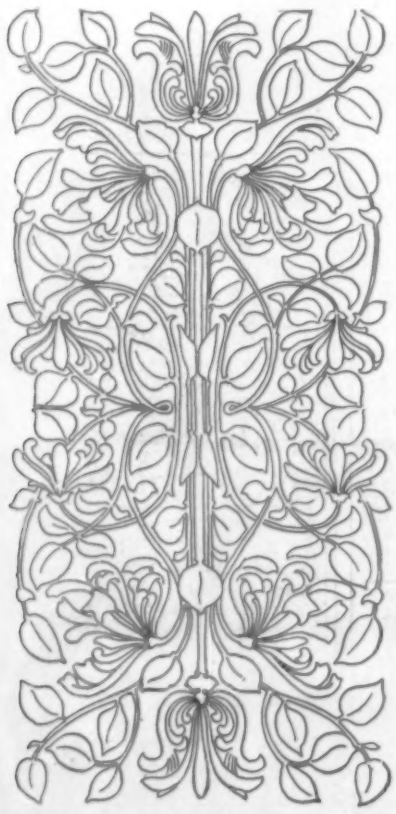

Fig. 2.—Conventional Honeysuckle Design.

Fig. 4.—Natural Wild Flower.

Fig. 7.—Conventional Assyrian Lion.

LYDIA.—Engraved from the Painting by Joseph Lieck.

(Continued from page 706.)

decorative design; it bears evidence of the learning that has been expended upon it, just as ignorance also betrays itself. There can be no deceit in ornament; it is good if right principles are used, bad if they are broken. Every object in common life has some need for ornament, and very rarely indeed is there either truth or style in its composition. The Greeks invariably showed a fine sense of elevated style and truth in the smallest detail of all their decorative work, the outcome of the high culture which they attained in all fields.

Floral ornament should be studied. Learning, thought, truth, should all be brought to bear upon it; the more thought the more conventional, and the more conventional the finer will be the style. The burning question of the day is, Realism *v.* Idealism. All cultured and refined people must admit the finest and best work done in the past is *Ideal*. The world is peopled with men, not machines; inventors, not copyists. In short, ornament, to be pure and good, must be ideal, created anew, invented from the natural forms around us made by the Creator for our use and benefit.

THE DARK SIDE.

"WE were never intended to be happy. This world is but a vale of tears," moans the narrow-minded moralist.

"All beauty is but vanity," sighs the sad preacher.

Are these things so?

Were we put here but to be miserable for a little while, to struggle vainly against our fate, and then to be forced out—into nowhere? And while we are mournfully waiting our turn to go, are all beauty and brightness and happiness to be forbidden delights? Are all pleasant things to belong only to the careless soul who refuses to realize its wretched position and inevitable ending?

No, a thousand times no!

Never was a more foolish mistake. Light and beauty and gladness *belong* to those, and to those only, who have come to a knowledge of the great truth that there *is nothing but good*, and that what we call "evil" is but its shadow, which we see because of the brightness which shines upon its other side.

And those who know that never "look upon the dark side." To them there is no "dark side." You may know them by the happy secret shining in their eyes. "All things are for their sakes." Beauty and happiness are but their heritage; and in opening their eyes to behold it, and their hearts to claim it, they are but taking their birthright.

OKRA.

OKRA is a vegetable little used outside of the Southern States, owing possibly to a mistaken idea that it cannot be raised in the more northern latitudes. It will grow in any part of the United States, and is a very wholesome, nutritious vegetable. Many cooks not accustomed to serving it prepare it for the first time in a way that prevents it being acceptable, and it becomes so distasteful that it is not again purchased in market.

The following receipts will be found excellent, and when okra is cooked by any of them it cannot fail to be appetizing.

Boiled Okra.—Take young tender pods of okra, and boil in salt water for twenty minutes. Drain, pour over a teacup of cream, add a table-spoonful of butter, season with pepper, and let simmer five minutes. Serve hot.

Fried Okra.—Slice tender pods of okra. Have a frying-pan on the fire with hot pork drippings, put the okra in, and fry brown on both sides. Sprinkle with salt and pepper, and serve hot.

Scalloped Okra.—Slice well-grown pods of okra in thick slices. Put a layer in the bottom of a baking-pan, spread with grated crackers, bits of butter, salt, and pepper; put over another layer of okra and season; continue until the dish is full; spread the top with bits of butter, pour over a teacup of cream, and set in the stove half an hour.

Okra with Tomatoes.—Wash pods of okra and cut in thin slices sufficient to fill a quart measure. Peel tomatoes to fill a pint cup when sliced. Put together in a saucepan, add a little salt, cover, and let simmer gently for half an hour; add a table-spoonful of butter with pepper, and serve.

Okra and Rice.—Slice a quart of okra. Cut a quarter of a pound of lean ham into small pieces. Peel and cut up two large tomatoes. Put all together in a saucepan with a pint of stock, a pod of red pepper, and a slice of onion; let simmer gently for half an hour. Wash a cup of rice and put in; let cook until done; add a table-spoonful of gumbo filet; let boil up, and serve.

Okra Hash.—Cut up a pint of lean beef or mutton from a cold roast. Put a table-spoonful of butter in a frying-pan; stir in a table-spoonful of flour; when brown add a teacup of sliced okra and a slice of onion chopped; stir until cooked; add the meat with salt and pepper; let brown, stir, pour in a pint of boiling water; let come to a boil, and serve hot on toast.

Okra and Onions.—Slice a quart of okra, and slice thin 2 onions. Slice a quarter of a pound of fat bacon, fry it brown, take up, put the okra and onion in the fat, and fry brown. Arrange the bacon on a dish, and lay the okra and onions over.

An Okra Stew.—Take scraps of cold meat from bones of beef, break the bones, put in a pot, and cover with cold water. Boil and skim, take out the bones, season with salt and pepper; put in half a gallon of chopped okra, 1 onion, 1 potato, and 1 teaspoonful of extract of celery. Let boil until the vegetables are cooked, put in the meat chopped fine, let heat, and take up.

Okra Soup.—Put a slice of ham with 1 sliced onion in a frying-pan, and fry brown. Cut up 2 tomatoes and 2 quarts of okra; put in a soup-kettle with a sprig of parsley, cover with half a gallon of water, add the fried onion and ham, let boil slowly for half an hour, break in a pod of red pepper, season with salt, and a table-spoonful of butter rolled in flour. Strain through a wire sieve, and serve hot with fried sippets of bread.

Gumbo—Filet à la Crèole.—Put a table-spoonful of pork drippings in a pot; when hot, add a table-spoonful of flour; stir until brown; slice an onion and fry; skim out. Have a chicken cut in pieces, put in the fat, and fry brown. Pour boiling water in to cover; stir, and let simmer. Add the fried onion, a quart of sliced okra, 8 cloves, a pod of red pepper, and a bunch of sweet herbs. Let boil slowly for 2 hours. When ready to serve stir in a table-spoonful of filet. Take up and serve with plain boiled rice.

Gumbo.—Put a table-spoonful of pork drippings into a deep frying-pan. Slice a large onion and put in. Let fry a few minutes. Have two young tender chickens cut up, put in with the onion and 2 or 3 slices of bacon, let brown, add a quart of sliced okra, and stir until it wilts. Turn the chicken and okra into a saucepan, add 2 pods of red pepper, pour in sufficient boiling water to make gravy. Let boil until thick. Season with salt, and serve hot.

Okra Salad.—Wash 2 dozen pods of okra, and boil in slightly salted water until tender. Take up, drain, and let cool. Slice in two lengthwise, lay in a salad-bowl, sprinkle with chopped salad herbs, pour over a plain dressing, and serve very cold.

ELIZA R. PARKER.

A SOCIAL MISSTEP.

AN amusing story was told some years ago of a certain Madame de S., a French woman of high social ambitions. She was anxious to become acquainted with and to be known as the friend of persons high in rank, and she left no stone unturned to further her interests in that direction. Returning from the country to Paris one day in a railway carriage, as the story runs, she fell into conversation with a remarkably well-dressed but quiet and reserved man who sat on the seat opposite. After a while she chanced to mention impressively that she had observed that the Countess Lemoine was a passenger in the next carriage, and, to her satisfaction, she found that the gentleman to whom she had been talking was intimately acquainted with her. Of the countess's establishment and circle of friends he told her a great many interesting particulars. So pleased was she with the talk on this subject—proving her acquaintance, she thought, to be a man of decidedly high position in Parisian society—that she ventured to make what was even for her a bold stroke, and asking him for his card, politely requested his company at her next *soirée*. The train arrived. Madame de S. alighted on the same platform with the countess. She looked then to see the familiar recognition she expected between the lady of rank and her new friend. But what was her surprise when the countess, holding up her finger, beckoned unceremoniously to him, and said, "John, see to the baggage"! Her distinguished friend was the countess's man-servant.

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